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By I. TODD HUNTER, M.A. Fellow and Assistant Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

[In the Press.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

REVIEWS.

The Republic of Plato. Translated into English by J. L. Davies, M.A., and D. J. Vaughan, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition. (Macmillan & Co.)

DR. DONALDSON has remarked, in his "Practical Essay on Liberal Education" (p. 141), that Plato must wait for his most enlightened expositor until Professor Thompson, of Cambridge, can be induced to commit to the press some of that learning which he has long brought to bear upon his lectures. "*En attendant*," he adds, "we have a scholar-like translation of the '*Politia*' (Republic), from two of his pupils."

After this recommendation, brief and incidental though it is, coming from an authority so thoroughly well qualified to pronounce, the labours of Messrs. Davies and Vaughan require small praise at our hands. But we question whether any one who knows ever so little of Plato in the original, who has informed himself in any degree of the literary history of the English versions, and who has read the present translation in its first edition, would not feel it to be a labour of love to welcome it in a second. It was remarked years ago (*Edinb. Rev.* 176) that the translator of Plato ought not to be merely competently skilled in Greek; but, what is a still more rare qualification, he ought to be a thorough master of English also. The possession of either requisite has been amply vindicated by the two Fellows of Trinity, who have recently translated the "Republic." Their fortunes have been singularly in unison, spun as it were off the same thread. They won together the two Bell Scholarships in 1845; they were within a few places of each other in the Mathematical Tripos of 1848; they were bracketed in the first class of the Classical Tripos; and they have both, since their election at Trinity as Fellows, undertaken the responsibilities of parochial labour, and made their voices heard as thoughtful and diligent ministers of the Church of England. But, besides this, they have joined in bestowing a welcome, because a most serviceable, gift upon those of their fellow-countrymen who value sound learning. Their pretensions are modest, as is generally the case where the obligations to extraneous sources are consciously few. The kind and unlimited leave of Professor Thompson to make use of notes taken at his lectures, and the careful perusal of Schneider's German translation—these appear to have been all the special advantages which Messrs. Davies and Vaughan have enjoyed. That the best use was made of them, this appearance of a second edition is a sufficient proof.

But welcome as is the re-issue of a thoroughly good book, the announcement of the publishers which accompanies it is more welcome still. The Messrs. Macmillan "entertain a hope that they may be able from time to time to issue translations of the other portions of the works of Plato, so as ultimately to present to the English reader a uniform library edition of the whole of Plato's writings." Satisfactory as this is to the professed student, it ought to be even more satisfactory to the reading public in general. For never was an announcement more happily timed. The current

of opinion which set in some time back against classical studies has now in great measure subsided. The clamour for "common things" has been duly attended to; and "common things," having been weighed in the balance, have been allowed to be not an exhaustive object for intellectual energies to expend themselves upon. The recent addition to the Universities of a "clientela," certificated in both, and actually titular at Oxford—whatever may be the aspect of the movement from a high academical point of view—cannot fail to indicate, at least in respect to the response which it has met with from the country at large, a growing kindness out of doors to the old nurseries and the familiar intellectual nutriment. All this tells favourably for the regeneration in an English dress of a great Greek classic. We are no longer reminded that, though ancient literature was the ark of civilisation during the deluge of barbarism, Noah was nevertheless not bound to live in the ark when the flood had subsided. Circumstances have changed: the Oxford peculiarities of 1835—1850 have ceased to alarm the public mind, and to suggest the absurd paradox that mathematical and physical studies render the mind exempt from all extravagance of belief. Meantime the utility of a sound liberal education is felt in every part of the system of life, and acknowledged by every rational man. It was justly said by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, that to learn a new language is to acquire a new soul. And it may be added with equal justice that the Greek language and literature, when properly studied, confer upon a man, in the highest degree, that advantage which he is sure to derive in some degree from the study of any foreign language and literature whatever. Now that our foreign relations are every day brought home more intimately to the very heart of the English people, lower classes and all, it is more generally felt that a man is at a disadvantage, who is acquainted only with the writers of his native tongue, and who believes that tastes and habits of thought, which belong only to his own age and country, are inseparable from the nature of the race. Every one by nature is a Chinaman; he will not give up a sovereign contempt for everything beyond the wall of his own celestial empire, which is merely the creation of ignorance. But a very slight initiation into Greek literature, provided it be undertaken *bonâ fide* and under sufficient auspices, is enough to work a change. "A man then finds that principles of politics and morals, directly contrary to those which he has hitherto supposed to be unquestionable, have been held by large and enlightened communities; that feelings, which are so universal among his contemporaries, that he had supposed them to be instinctive, have been unknown to whole generations; and that images, which have never failed to excite the ridicule of those among whom he has lived, have been thought grand and sublime by millions." (*Edinburgh Review*, 86.) A new world of literature and science has thus been discovered for him. New veins of intellectual wealth have been laid open.

But there is another, and a more special reason why we should be glad of an announcement like that of the Cambridge publishers, and of an instalment like that of Messrs. Davies and Vaughan. We have lately witnessed the completion of one section of Bacon's Works, edited with an enlightened appreciation and a diligent watchfulness, such

as are very rarely surpassed in the annals of literature. A convenient and worthy edition of the greatest among modern philosophers could not be more happily accompanied than by a laborious, accurate, and scholarlike translation of the greatest of all philosophers—greatest, because he was the first who adopted a true method, and followed it out in all its bearings and applications. No one can be really aware of what has been done by the recent Cambridge translators, without a tolerable acquaintance with the original; but every one may be benefited by reading their translation, in virtue of an honest introduction (thereby attained) to the thoughts of Plato, and to the beauties of his style.

Supposing we divide Plato's works into the Dialectical, the Ethical, and the Physical; we shall find that the "Republic" belongs (with the "Laws") exclusively to the second division, and that it is the very fairest of all representative pieces that purport to shadow forth the opinions of the great author.

The general plan of the "Republic" may be described even within our narrow limits.* Socrates and Glaucon, having gone down to the Piræus to witness the first celebration of a festival lately introduced from Thrace, proceed at the instigation of three more friends to the house of Cephalus, a wealthy citizen, and father to Polemarchus. In a conversation between the philosopher and the host, on the subject of old age, Socrates takes occasion to ask Cephalus, what he thinks is the greatest advantage which he has derived from being wealthy? The old man, anticipating a charge of singularity, answers nevertheless decidedly, that the great blessing of riches is the means which they afford of leading a more virtuous life than can be lived without them. They contribute greatly to one's preservation even from unintentional deceit or falsehood, and from the uneasy alarm and gloomy anticipations which attend the departure to another world, if any sacrifice be owing to a god, or any money to a man. In short, the possessor of riches is likely to die a *juster* man than his neighbours. This introduces the great question of the "Republic," "What is Justice?" and Polemarchus, inheriting in the discussion the share of his father, who gracefully withdraws, sets seriously to work with Socrates.

The first thing brought upon the *tapis* is the definition of Justice given by Simonides, who makes it consist in restoring to every one what is due to him. This statement of the case, whether it means that you should do good to your friends and harm to your enemies, or that it is just to help our friends if they are good, and to injure our enemies if they are bad, is shown in either case to be incorrect.

The remainder of the *first* book is occupied in discussing the definition, that justice is the interest of the stronger, and the proposition, that it is, when practised on an extensive scale, a good speculation. These are advanced by the Chalcædonian, Thrasymachus, who occupies the place of Calicles in the *Gorgias*, and whose swaggering tone recalls here and there the rough jests of the *Euthydemus*. The first book concludes with the demolition of Thrasymachus; but also with the lamentation of the conqueror himself, that the nature of justice has still not yet been discovered, and, consequently, that the question remains still where it was, perfectly untouched.

* A tacit reference is supposed to Schleiermacher's "Introduction;" to Donaldson's *Art.*, *Penny Cyclopædia*, s.v., *Plato*; and to "The Analysis" in the present edition.

In the beginning of the second book, Glaucon and Adeimantus resume the ground of Thrasymachus, observing that he had yielded like a snake to the fascination of Socrates sooner than he need have done. They resume it, that is, not *ex animo*, but only with a view to test the intrinsic qualities of justice, as against the accidental advantages, which the eulogists have so generally insisted on. Socrates freely acknowledges the difficulty of the question, and proposes to trace the rise of a state, as a means of tracing the rise of justice and injustice on a larger scale. The idea of a state is carefully deduced from its primary and most simple origin. Four or five men, who establish the first rude elements of a division of labour, form the nucleus; and this is expanded, until production includes not only domestic but foreign trade, the luxuries as well as the necessities of life, and the producing class embraces not only husbandmen and clothiers, but confectioners, barbers, dancers, and poets.

Larger territory, which will thus become necessary, involves the notion of war: war implies soldiers; and soldiers must be carefully trained to their profession. Hence the state must possess a standing army, or class of guardians. The question of their education, on the side first of music, and afterwards of gymnastic, is continued down to the end of the third book; and it is indicated towards the close that the true guardians are the oldest, ablest, most patriotic and unselfish members of the body. These are the real magistrates, the first estate of the commonwealth; the remainder of their class, who may be now called Auxiliaries, are the second; and the third is made up of the Producers, husbandmen and craftsmen.

Mr. Grote remarks (vol. ii.) on the important difference between the Spartan principle of select guardians, and that which is drawn out in the "Republic." The Spartan character formed by Lycurgus is of a low type, rendered savage by an overdone bodily discipline, destitute even of the elements of letters, possessing all the qualities requisite to procure dominion, but none of those calculated to render dominion popular or salutary to the subject. The guardians, on the contrary, who have been imagined by Plato, are not only to be strong, swift, and brave, but gentle also, and endowed with a true taste for philosophy. They are thus qualified for something more than simply to govern. They learn to govern for the most exalted purposes, protective and conciliatory.

The fourth book opens with an enumeration of their coercive and other duties, and this brings the idea of a state to a conclusion. Socrates is now at liberty to resume the original question, "What is justice?" and to develop the analogy between the perfect man and the perfect state. He adopts the old division of virtue into the four cardinal virtues—wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice, and argues thus: "The state, being a perfect one, must exhibit in itself the four cardinal virtues; the philosophic rulers will represent its *sophrosyne*; the courageous standing army its *andreia*; and the well-conducted populace and craftsmen its *sophrosyne*. The remaining virtue, *dike*, is the virtue of the whole; it stands to the other three as at once their prime cause of existence, and their principle of union and harmony; and it operates to the prevention of *πολυπραγμοσύνη*, or the interference on the part of one portion with the affairs of the others. Passing from

the state to the individual, we have the rational, the spirited (*θυμοειδές*), and the concupiscent element in him, corresponding to the Guardians, the Auxiliaries, and the productive class in the state. Now, as there was a virtue corresponding to each of the divisions of the perfect state, and one which kept them all together, so, in the righteous or virtuous man, the reason is full of wisdom, the will is strong in fortitude, and the appetite is under the healthy influence of self-control. Justice here also appears as the harmonising principle, keeping all the rest together.

"—in one concert,
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like music."

Socrates was now proceeding to detail the principal varieties of mental constitution and political organisation. But he was here drawn away into other investigations by Polemarchus and Adeimantus, backed also by Thrasymachus. These investigations, occupying the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, form Schleiermacher's fourth main division. They comprehend no less than four of the great world-worn Platonic questions. There is, first, the development in detail of the community of women and children, which had been briefly alluded to before, and which is supposed by Meineke to be sneered at in the *Ecclesiasticus* (646) and the *Plutus* (313). There is, next, the inquiry into the true philosophic character, suggested by the fundamental paradox, so dear to the great philosopher, that the highest political power must, by some means or other, be vested in philosophers. Then, there is the investigation into "the good," in which (as Dr. Donaldson points out) Plato takes up and finishes the argument in the *Philebus*, having shown there that the *summum bonum* lies neither in pleasure nor in knowledge, and showing here in what it does actually consist, in other words, what is its "idea." This is the famous passage where the distinction is traced between *idea* and *substance*, between immutable and material essences. The idea of the good is to the world of reason what the sun is to the world of sense; and the sovereign good, even God himself, reigns supreme in that higher world. A classification of mental conditions is subjoined, into Conjecture (*εἰκασία*), Belief (*πίστις*), Understanding (*διάνοια*), and Reason (*νόησις*). The first two conditions belong to Opinion, and have to do with the visible world only; the last two appertain to the objects of the ideal world, and may be described respectively as the knowledge of mixed ideas, and the knowledge of pure ideas.

The last of the four questions to which we alluded as characterising this great episode is, the discussion of the nature of right education, to which Socrates appends a few general rules for the selection of the persons on whom such an education is to be bestowed, and for determining the time of life at which each branch is to be taken up.

At the beginning of the eighth book Socrates resumes the subject which he had just commenced at the end of the fourth, when he was interrupted by Polemarchus and Adeimantus; namely, the principal varieties of mental constitution and political organisation. The five great classes to which all conceivable politics may be reduced are, aristocracy, timocracy, oligarchy, democracy, and despotism. To these there correspond five great classes of individual character. Aristocracy and the Aristocratical Man have been already discussed. It remains

to trace the origin and to describe the character of the four inferior men and states. This investigation occupies the eighth and almost all of the ninth book. And when the last point in the argument is disposed of, and the aristocratical man is proved to be happier than the tyrannical, the way is open to criticise more fully the doctrine advanced by Thrasymachus, and to conclude that it is absolutely the best thing for everybody to be governed by a just and divine principle. To maintain an inward harmony in his own soul, and an outward harmony in all his social relations will be the single object of the just man. And he will model himself on the pattern of that perfect commonwealth, which doubtless is laid up in Heaven, though it may never be realised upon earth. *Ἐμψυχούμεν ὅτι παρὶς ἐνὶ ἡρώδῃ. Ἡρώδης γὰρ ἀνθρώποις πόλις.*

We shall now quote entire Messrs. Davies and Vaughan's analysis of the tenth book: a performance which will tell its own tale of ripened scholarship, and careful well-directed labour:

"In the tenth Book, Socrates resumes the subject of poetry, and imitation generally. What, he inquires, is imitative art?

"Take, by way of example, a bed or a table. We have, (1) the Form or archetype of a bed, created by God, (2) the bed itself, made by the manufacturer, (3) the bed as represented by the painter, which is a copy of the second, which, again, is a copy of the first.

"In the same way, the poet imitates, not the Forms, which are the only realities, but simply the phenomena of daily life, and the opinions prevalent among the half-educated.

"Or, again, look at it thus. Every manufactured article, e. g. a bridge, gives occasion to three separate arts; of which, one teaches how to use the thing, another how to make it, the third how to imitate it. The user alone possesses a scientific acquaintance with the thing, and instructs the maker how to make it; the latter, therefore, possesses correct opinion. On the other hand, the imitator cannot be said to possess either science or correct opinion, but only vague notions, about the things which he imitates.

"Again: to what part of the mind does imitative art address itself? Certainly not to the rational element, which is the noblest part of our nature; but to some inferior element, which is always ready to give way under the pressure of calamity, and is full of change and perturbation, and which therefore offers, in return, the widest field for imitation. For a tranquil and sober temper presents small attraction to the imitative poet, and will not repay the trouble of imitation, or be appreciated by those to whom the poet is wont to address himself.

"But, worst of all, Poetry weakens the mind by leading us to sympathise too deeply with the afflictions of others, and thus rendering us unfit to bear up under our own troubles. Therefore we are compelled, much against our will, to lay down the rule, that only hymns in honour of the gods, and eulogies of great men and noble actions, are to be admitted into the perfect state. For it is no easy task to become a good man, and everything which opposes our progress in virtue must be scrupulously avoided.

"This subject concluded, Socrates proceeds to discuss the rewards of virtue, which are infinitely enhanced by the consideration of the immortality of the soul, of which he here subjoins a short proof.

To everything there is a special vice or infirmity attached, by which, and which alone, that thing can be destroyed. Thus, blindness destroys the eyesight, mildew destroys corn, and rot destroys timber. The peculiar infirmities, attached to the soul, are injustice, intemperance, cowardice, ignorance. Can these bring about the dissolution of the soul? No, certainly not: for they cannot destroy the soul immediately, as a disease destroys the body, though they may be, *mediately*, the

* See Dr. Donaldson's article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*.

cause of a man's being put to death by other people; which is quite a different thing. But if wickedness cannot destroy the soul, nothing else can: therefore the soul is immortal.

"And now, having satisfied ourselves that justice is, in itself, the just man's best reward, we may fairly take into account the honours and emoluments which gods and men bestow upon him. For we cannot doubt that he is loved by the gods, and that all the dispensations of Providence are designed for his good, even when they seem most adverse. And even men are sure to love and honour him, towards the close of his life, if not before. Still, all these rewards are as nothing when compared with those which await death await the just. To illustrate this, Socrates narrates the fable of Er the son of Armenius; and with this story the Republic closes."

Half the world, so Coleridge tells us, is Platonist, half Aristotelian; and the non-Aristotelian section of our countrymen have long been waiting for an English Schleiermacher, Schneider, or Cousin. For Thomas Taylor, who died as lately as 1835, the commentators seem puzzled where to find names that are bad enough. It is not only that he translates *εὐφραίνε ἀνθρώπους* by "Predict better things, O man!" and favours us with "O demoniacal man!" as the grotesque rendering of *δ δαίμονις*. He has, if we may believe his Edinburgh Reviewer, fairly "done for" Plato. His five bulky volumes are "one continued slander on Plato's good name," both as a man of genius and a philosopher; and his splendid quarto title-page is but the mocking coffin-lid that shuts in the corpse of his great original. On the other hand, the unfortunate Floyer Sydenham (as he is always, and with too much truth, styled) rendered some half-dozen of the dialogues, about a century ago, with admirable fidelity and good taste: and an elegant version of the *Io* and *Symposium* appeared among the posthumous works of Shelley. These however, are but small contingents, and we know considerably more about Plato now than was known even in Shelley's time. Spens's translation of the "Republic" is sneered at by Taylor; and we may perhaps infer that it is of no great service to the student, from the silence with which the present translators have passed it over. So that the field literally lies open to those enlightened scholars who may be induced to come forward and work it. They will by so doing confer a lasting benefit on Englishmen whose Greek has grown rusty, and on those who are destitute of Greek altogether. They will recall the image, or they will create it, of that "olive grove of Academe," where the great master was wont to evolve the harmony of the soul, inspired, not interrupted, by the thick-warbled notes of the Attic bird, and the bees' industrious murmur:

[*ἀνέπλανε Πλάτων, πεπαισμένα θάνατα εἶδος.*

Plato will never be again an almost second Bible to the theologian, as once he was to Origen and the Alexandrian Clement. Nor will his expositors, as such, ever constitute a real power in the state, as Gemisthus Pletho and Marsilio Ficino did in Florence four centuries ago. But we are passing through a stage of progress, social, political, and theological, in which we may learn many a momentous lesson from the pages of the great Athenian. And the announcement of Messrs. Macmillan is, therefore, most welcome. We congratulate them on the undertaking, and heartily wish them success, which they will without doubt attain, if the future staff of translators shall prove themselves worthy successors of these the able protagonists.

The Life of James Watt. By James Patrick Muirhead. (Murray.)

JAMES WATT, the fourth child of Mr. Watt of Greenock, son of the "old mathematician" and of Agnes Muirhead, "a braw, braw woman—none now to be seen like her," was born on the 19th of January, 1736. Of weak health and precocious talent at six years of age it was no uncommon thing to see him draw mathematical lines and circles, "marking in letters and figures the result of some calculations he was carrying on." At fourteen his conversation was found too intellectually exciting for a friend and contemporary of his mother's. At fifteen he was scolded by his aunt Muirhead for idleness in watching and experimentalising on the steam rising from a teapot; while at about the same age, "he made himself a small electrical machine, and sometimes startled his young friends by giving them sudden shocks from it." Few scientific men have been more variously capable than Watt. It seemed as if he might have succeeded in any branch of science, speculative, mechanical, or experimental, to which he had chosen to devote himself. He was an excellent carpenter, as good a chemist and physiologist as the times and his profession allowed, a working mechanic of extraordinary ability, an engineer, mathematician, musical instrument maker, mathematical instrument maker, a geometriician, astronomer, and one of the greatest inventors the world has ever seen. For though his name has been usually associated only with his famous improvements in the steam-engine—"that giant with one idea," as Coleridge called it—he either sketched out or more vaguely foresaw very many of the more modern inventions and discoveries which have revolutionised society quite as much as this has done. Of these a copying machine, the screw propeller, a machine for drying linen, the consumption of smoke, heating rooms by steam, the theory of the compound character of water, a proposed uniformity in weights and measures based on the decimal system, pneumatic medicines or the treatment of lung disease by inhalation, a machine for copying and reducing sculpture, with others of minor importance, were sketched or imagined by him. Some were put into crude action, others only prophesied of as possible, and to be turned up in the future track of science. He also introduced into England and extensively carried out Berthollet's invention of bleaching linen by chlorine, to which we now owe so much of textile beauty. But his great discoveries were the various improvements he effected in the steam-engine. This was "the weak side of nature which he found out and took advantage of;" as he said every one might do if they chose.

He began life as a mathematical instrument maker, serving only a year's apprenticeship, but learning his trade so well that in 1757, when only twenty-one, he was allowed a shop and an apartment in the precincts of the Glasgow College, with the further distinction of "mathematical instrument maker to the University," after his name. His business prospered steadily if not brilliantly: he using his unemployed time and energies in building organs, fashioning strange secret musical tables, and in making a perspective machine, which invention it is said Adams, the mathematical instrument maker, stole and sold as his own. In the year 1765 the first thought came to him for improving the steam-engine. He had been employed to examine and set to rights a

small working model of Newcomen's engine; and this "turned a part of his thoughts and fertile invention to the nature and improvement of steam-engines, to the perfection of their machinery, and to the different means by which their great consumption of fuel might be diminished." He was soon employed to plan and erect several engines in different places, all the while making experiments how to lessen the waste of heat from the external surfaces of the boiler and the cylinder:

"But after he had been thus employed a considerable time," says his friend, Dr. Black, quoted by Muirhead, "he perceived that by far the greatest waste of heat proceeded from the waste of steam in filling the cylinder with steam. In filling the cylinder with steam, for every stroke of the common engine a great part of the steam is chilled, and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder, before this last is heated enough to qualify it for being filled with elastic vapour or perfect steam; he perceived, therefore, that by preventing this waste of steam, an incomparably greater saving of heat and fuel would be attained than by any other contrivance. It was thus, in the beginning of the year 1765, that the fortunate thought occurred to him of condensing the steam by cold in a separate vessel or apparatus, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened for that purpose every time the steam was to be condensed; while the cylinder itself might be preserved perpetually hot, no cold water or air being ever admitted into its cavity."

The first trial made with a large brass syringe satisfied him of the value of his improvement, and "filled his mind with rapture;" but it was some time yet before he perfected his idea by the execution of the double stroke, or by "that most beautiful contrivance of cutting off the steam before the piston reaches the bottom of the cylinder." Which contrivance is in fact the grand regulator of the engine, fitting it—however powerful—for the most delicate task, making it alike capable of the finest manufactures and the most stupendous works. Before Watt's time the steam-engine was only in embryo; it is to him that we owe its present maturity of strength and power. He was the first who thought of a "steam-vessel perpetually and universally hot," or who said, "I will make an engine, working by a piston, in which the cylinder shall be continually hot and perfectly dry." Until this was done, steam, as an agent, was comparatively worthless. In January, 1769, he obtained a patent for his "Methods of Lessening the Consumption of Steam, and, consequently, of Fuel in Fire-engines." Other ideas were abroad at the same time. P. Robison, when a youth studying at the university, and noted for his love of mechanical science, "threw out an idea of applying the power of the steam-engine to the moving of wheel-carriages, and to other purposes." His scheme came to nothing, and soon dropped to the ground; but in that "seventh new improvement" set forth in the specification of his patent of 1784, Watt described the principles and construction of "steam-engines, which are applied to give motion to wheel-carriages for removing persons, or goods, or other matters, from place to place." Before this, Mr. Edgeworth "had taken a resolution of moving land and water carriages by steam," and one Moore, a London linendraper, took out a patent for moving wheel-carriages by steam:

"Mr. Watt, in writing to Mr. Roebuck of this, says, 'This was a thing I hoped to accomplish by the circular engine' (or steam wheel). And he replies to Small: 'If linendraper Moore does not

use my engine to drive his chaises, he can't drive them by steam. If he does, I will stop them. I suppose, by the rapidity of his progress and puffing, he is too volatile to be dangerous."—"You want a steam chaise; pray make one. I give you leave, and will also give you advice."—"Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing. Here I work five or more years contriving an engine, and Mr. Moore hears of it, is more *écille*, gets three patents at once, publishes himself in the newspapers, hires 2000 men, sets them to work for the whole world in St. George's Fields, gets a fortune at once, and prosecutes me for using my own invention!"

Others made locomotive engines; notably Mr. Murdock, who constructed one in 1785, with an oscillating cylinder; and Mr. Eidge-worth writes, "I have always thought that steam would become the universal lord, and that we would in time scorn post-horses. An iron railroad would be a cheaper thing than a road on the common construction." So that George Stephenson came eminently at the right time in scientific history; gathering into one magnificent fact all these floating prophecies of possibilities, and setting the question of locomotive engines at rest for ever by his grand and masterly invention.

When Watt was working at his earliest improvements, he tried to make the cylinders of wood or other materials which conduct heat slowly; but he soon found out that he was on a wrong track in that instance, and adopted a more available material. About this time Dr. Roebuck became acquainted and connected with him, and being then in good circumstances and with brilliant prospects, his connection was of much use to Mr. Watt. Later, poor Dr. Roebuck fell into difficulties, and then the partnership of Watt & Boulton was entered into. So that, by one means or other, the shipwright's son of Greenock was not only making himself heard in the world, but was beginning to reap such fruit as must, sooner or later, fall to the lot of the celebrated. Fame, money, and thievish plagiarists gathered slowly round him and his inventions; indeed much of Mr. Muirhead's book is taken up with accounts of how one invention after another was stolen from him, the inventor; how the Hornblowers, "Jonathan, and Jethro, and Jesse, and Jabez the elder and Jabez the younger," infringed his patents; how Mr. Cavendish in his paper on Air filched his idea respecting the composition of water; and how Bramah, the great locksmith, arrayed himself against him, thinking "that it must be obvious to every one, as it had ever been to him, that Mr. Watt had really invented nothing, but what would do more mischief than good to the public." A story, too, got wind of how Humphrey Gainsborough, brother to the artist, employed his leisure in making ingenious machines—steam-engines among the number—how, before Watt, he discovered the grand improvement of condensing the steam in a separate vessel; how then a stranger, evidently well acquainted with mechanics, called on him, examined his engine, seized the idea, transmitted it to Watt, and robbed poor Humphrey for ever of his lawful fame; and how that a fortune was lost to the Gainsborough family, because a cunning and designing man surreptitiously carried off a secret in his mind's eye. Good, simple, truthful James Watt was not the man to do this. He would have been the last to take bread out of his own making, and the first to be careful and conscientious of the rights of others. But all these

vexations, inseparable from his position, passed, and the solid good—the praises of admiring friends, the love of proud relations, the homage of the scientific world, and consciousness of benefits conferred on his age and country—remained consoling him right royally for every little hurt that might have befallen him.

Mr. Muirhead is touchy and tenacious of Watt's fame. He goes out of his way to sneer at the Marquis of Worcester and his "Century of Inventions." Why he passed over Friar Bacon's prophetic category of "it is possible," we do not know. He admits the actual existence of the *Æolipile*, 120 B.C.: he could not well deny it: and he confesses to the Staffordshire Jack of Hilton in 1680. This Jack of Hilton was a small steam boiler, under the following guise. He was "a little hollow image of brass, of about twelve inches high, kneeling upon his left knee, and holding his right hand upon his head; having a little hole in the place of the mouth, about the bigness of a great pin's head, and another in the back about two-thirds of an inch in diameter, at which last hole it is filled with water, it holding about four pints and a quarter, which, when set to a strong fire, evaporates after the same manner as an *æolipile*, and vents itself at the smaller hole in the mouth." Other ancient steam contrivances he also speaks of; but always with an unmistakable sneer for these shadows, these penumbra of the great modern fact; coming in due course to Baptista Porta, whose experiments on the condensation of steam he is obliged to allow; to Solomon de Caus, whose madness and imprisonment he denies, dragging Miss Costello and Mr. Smiles before the bar of historic accuracy, where he "punishes" both without mercy; and to the Marquis of Worcester, of whom he falls foul with special gusto, perhaps, because in spite of Walpole's sneer and Mr. Muirhead's sledge-hammer, the Marquis of Worcester had really perceptions and previsions not so very different from the maturer actualities of Watt and Stephenson. It is comparatively rare in science, as in the world of thought and mind, that a discovery is made all at once, and without any previous "beating of the bushes," as Newton said. The Coming Man and the Future Discovery are both looked for; the public mind is uneasy, the scientific world excited; every one expects something, every one is wandering, wide of the mark it may be, but wandering much in the same direction; till the Great Man really comes and sets them all right; formularising the floating thought, or perfecting the scientific possibility, and stamping himself as the realisation and expression of his age. This is no depreciation of the Great Man; but rather his highest praise. Yet those who make themselves an idol of a master-piece are not willing to recognise the rough copy; or to believe that such rough copy can be connected by any chain of development with the perfected idea. James Watt is this idol to Mr. Muirhead; and he is angry with every one who even prophetically shares his glory. We have seen how he has pooh-poohed the claims of most of the elder mechanists; of the later ones he is forced to be more tolerant. Of Papin and his Digester he speaks contemptuously enough, but Savary wrings a fairer treatment from him. He grants to him the merit of having been the first to introduce into use, if indeed he was not the first to make, the earliest working steam-engine

known. Of this "Miner's Friend, or an Engine to raise Water by Fire," Savary printed an account in 1702, or rather in 1698, when he obtained his patent. His engine acted by two principles; "raising water, in the first place, by the pressure of the atmosphere forcing it into a vacuum formed by the condensation of steam; and in the second by the expansive power of steam." It is not certain that Savary was the first to apply the second principle. Even Mr. Muirhead thinks it "similar to one of those experimentally tried by Porta, and indicated by Solomon de Caus; and not only indicated, but perhaps practised by the Marquis of Worcester;" but the first principle, that of raising water into a vacuum caused by the condensation of steam, he believes to be Savary's own discovery. For all that, both Porta and Papin knew the principle, though they applied it differently. We have nothing to do with these chronological difficulties. But we own we love to see each man fairly dealt with, and have a supreme objection to building up some reputations on the ruins of others. Because it is right and just to exalt these, we cannot agree to carp at the undeniable merit of those. The world is wide enough, and nature infinite enough to give place and praise to all, and we hold it but a niggard hand that cannot shower rewards on all who have rightfully earned them. This is Mr. Muirhead's intellectual danger. He has looked so long at James Watt that he can see nothing else; as those who gaze long at any strong light carry the spectrum of it in their eyes, which blots out or discolours every other object before them.

Watt was much subject to long fits of despondency. Dr. Roebuck's ruin weighed heavily on him, and not only on his hopes and spirits, but also on his pocket, when just as he was losing heart altogether, Mr. Boulton and Dr. Small stepped forward and relieved him of his embarrassments. He also made the survey and estimate for a navigable canal from the Monkland collieries to Glasgow; being for two years and a half the engineer of the canal, at a salary of 200*l.* per annum. It was at this time that he wrote to Dr. Small that remarkable reply to the idea of moving canal boats by a high pressure steam engine: "Have you ever considered a spiral or for that purpose, or are you for two wheels;" accompanying his question with a rough drawing of our present screw propeller. He was rapidly becoming known.

Rennie and Telford were his friends; and, though of quite a different calibre, so was the hearty, genial Dr. Darwin, whose few jovial words, quoted by Mr. Muirhead, read like great boyish greetings in the midst of the biographer's lumbering pedantries, and the prosaic style in which every one else writes. To give an instance of the pedantry we have spoken of, Mr. Muirhead actually gives two quotations and three lines of Greek to prove that Mr. Keir's quotation, *μη φησιν*, was not "the two first words of a line of Euripides," but was in fact the fourth and fifth, and that it was not taken from the "Medea," which no one affirmed, but from one of the fragments of the "Bellerophon." This is simply a brick, but it is a fair sample of the whole building.

In 1776, Mr. Boulton, who had become Watt's partner and had established the famous Soho Works, writes: "I now hope and flatter myself that we are at the eve of a fortune." Going into particulars of what work is ordered and what done, adding "if

we had a hundred wheels ready made, and a hundred small engines like Bow engine, and twenty larger ones executed, we could readily dispose of them." About this time too Watt was offered a salary of 1000*l.* per annum, and some other even more congenial temptations, if he would go to Russia, and work for the Czar:

"Lord! how frightened I was," writes the genial and hearty Darwin, "when I heard a Russian bear had laid hold of you with his great paw, and was dragging you to Russia! Pray don't go if you can help it. Russia is like the den of Cacus: you see the foot-steps of many beasts going thither, but of few returning. I hope your pit-engines will keep you here."

And they did. Though the Imperial family, who were then in England, tried various blandishments, and the Empress, who stayed at Mr. Boulton's house, was "a charming woman," and much interested in mechanics, Watt renounced Russia, but went on a tour of inspection to Cornwall. He erected an engine there; and this is his account of it:

"At present the velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently, and make less noise; but Mr. — cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engine-man. And, by-the-bye, the noise seems to convey great ideas of power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man."

Cornwall did not charm him. The wildness of the scenery, and the savagery of the inhabitants, "where the engine-men actually eat the grease for the engine," disgusted our quiet, contemplative, melancholy hypochondriac, and he was glad enough whenever he could escape from those muddy Cornish wastes, back to the civilisation and intellectual companionship of Birmingham. For he had left Scotland for some time now, and well liked his English home. About this time, too, he invented his copying-machine; which, with its screw-press, was "what, under a variety of forms and unimportant modifications, is in fact the common modern copying-press." He also invented the "sun and planet wheels," and other things, some of which, as the toothed rack and sector, instead of chains for guiding the piston-rod, he himself superseded by still more beautiful contrivances. In 1788 he made his famous discovery of the composition of water, which Cavendish plagiarised for his paper on Air; though that, too, was a subject on which the scientific world were more or less employed, with a prevision of the truth to come. Macquer, Warltire, Priestley, all were searching for the hidden secret which all felt assured was to be found. Watt's paper was headed "Thoughts on the constituent parts of Water, or of Dephlogisticated Air." Cavendish's "Experiments on Air." There are, beside the coincidences of idea contained in the later paper, some awkward confusion of dates, according to Mr. Muirhead, and much suspicion thrown on the disinterestedness of Blagden's testimony in favour of Cavendish. Dr. Henry gives his in favour of Watt's priority in the discovery, and other even more notable names go with him. So that we may leave the matter as it now stands, without attempting to give any of the details or counter reasonings.

Inventions multiply; money comes in faster than the young mathematical instrument maker of Glasgow, now grown an old

and wealthy English landed proprietor, ever thought possible. The first wife, his cousin Miss Miller, has long since died, two of her four children following her; and his second wife, Miss Macgregor, became as much his careful guide and nurse as his wife. They had one son, Gregory, who gave as rare promise of ability and goodness as he did of personal beauty and outside graces. But he did not live long enough to consolidate into the pride of success the hope of all who loved him, dying when still quite a young man in 1804. At the present day not one of Watt's immediate family survives him. When an old man he made his machine for copying and diminishing sculpture; taking thirty-nine hours over a bust of Sappho. This was in 1811, when he was consequently 75 years old. In 1816 the machine is still more improved; in 1817 it is made ready for trial, and he writes to Chantrey to that effect. But Chantrey never saw it, and the machine was not published, patented, or sold. But the principle of this, his Polyglyptic Parallel-Eidograph is used in the various glyptic machines of the present day; though none of these date direct from Watt's, or confessedly at least owe anything to his discovery. Property in Wales is next secured, and everything of worldly consideration goes well with him. But the hour had come when he was to leave his lands and tenements, his inventions, fortune, fame, and friends. A grey, quiet, gentle old man of 83, he died on the 19th of August, 1819, followed to the grave by the veneration and love of all those who knew him; leaving behind him a name as imperishable for its inventive genius as it is venerable for its purity and single-heartedness.

We are loth to quarrel with Mr. Muirhead. His book has so much that is excellent in it, and it is written with such reverence and love, that it seems invidious to insist on its defects. But it is both too long and too prosy; disfigured here and there by patent pedantry, clumsy in its rare attempts at humour, and needing condensation and polishing throughout. Nevertheless, we are thankful for the substance, and call Mr. Muirhead's attention to these defects of manner only with the hope of beautifying either a second edition of his "Life of Watt," or any other work which he may hereafter project.

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., of Brighton. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THESE Lectures and Addresses are marked by the same qualities that made the author's sermons so justly and so widely popular. They manifest the earnest liberal spirit, the ardent love of truth, the lucid eloquence, the wide sympathy, and singleness of purpose which attracted so many to his pulpit ministrations at Brighton, and have secured such a large circle of readers for his published discourses. Mr. Robertson's sermons possess the singular good fortune of being almost equally popular with the orthodox and the heterodox. It is true they were protested against as heretical by the extreme sections of more than one religious body. But the liberal and enlightened members of every communion welcomed them as sound and eloquent expositions of religious truth, while they were read with interest and a certain amount of sympathy by numbers belonging to no church or sect. The explanation of

this is to be found in the fact that Mr. Robertson combined with a firm grasp of what is essential to Christian truth, a rare liberality of feeling towards conflicting interpretations of unessential points; that he was quick to recognise, and prompt to meet with active sympathy, the working of genuine religious life whatever might be the particular form of its manifestation.

The addresses contained in this volume help to complete the history of the author's active and useful career. His published sermons show how much in earnest he was in the pulpit, addressing a fashionable Brighton audience; but these addresses prove that he was equally in earnest and equally at home on the platform of a working men's association, surrounded only by the artisans of the town. He succeeded to a very great extent in gaining the confidence and esteem of this class, many of whom, before being brought in contact with Mr. Robertson, hated the name of a clergyman. We can scarcely wonder that after listening to him they learned to trust the speaker, for in addition to their other virtues his addresses possess two qualities which even the rudest hearers know how to appreciate—courage and sincerity. Mr. Robertson identified himself, in the most public manner, with popular and democratic movements from which most clergymen would have kept studiously aloof. The two first of these lectures, for example, were delivered at the Working Men's Institute established in Brighton during the year 1848. Faithful to its character the Institute consisted wholly of working men, a number of whom, it was rumoured, were Chartists of rather an extreme type. To this rumour Mr. Robertson alludes in a letter to Lady Henley:

"I am anxious to enlist your sympathy," he says, "in the cause which I am trying to assist. The case is this: about 1100 working men in this town have just organised themselves into an association which, by a small subscription, enables them to have a library and reading room. A large number of these are intelligent Chartists, and there is some misgiving in a few minds as to what will be the result of this movement, and some suspicion of its being only a political engine. The address on Monday is therefore expected to contain a proposal for boiling down the Irish landlords and potting them, to support the poor this winter; and another, more democratic still, for barrelling and salting the aristocracy and the persons, for home consumption in the poor-house."

The address on the Monday evening, it need scarcely be said, contained nothing so extreme. It consisted of a clear and practical exposition of the objects of the Institution as specified in its prospectus. These objects were to provide the working men of the town with the means of mental and moral improvement—mental improvement, being divided into two branches, the information of the intellect and the elevation of the taste. Treating of the former Mr. Robertson says:

"You wish to inform the intellect. I confine myself to-night to one branch of this improvement, political information. I do it for several reasons. First of all the means of acquiring knowledge which your Institution places in your hands are in a very preponderating degree of a political character. By works of history and the newspapers of the day, you will have that which will inform you of the constitution of your country."

"My second reason for dwelling chiefly upon this branch of mental improvement is, that political science is the highest education that can be given to the human mind. Let me explain myself. When we in popular phraseology speak of politics, we ascribe to that word a narrow

meaning. When we say that two men are talking politics, we often mean that they are wrangling about some mere party question. When I use the term 'politics' this evening, I use it in the sense in which it was used by all the great and noble authors of the ancient world, who meant by the science of politics the intelligent comprehension of a man's position and relations as a member of a great nation. You will observe that in this sense politics subordinate to themselves every department of earthly science. A man who understands nothing of agriculture, nothing of trade, nothing of human nature, nothing of past history, nothing of the principles of law, cannot pretend to be more than a mere empiric in political legislation. Everything that man can know is subservient to this noble science. Understood in this sense, the working men of this country have an interest in politics. For, in the first place, political ignorance is not a safe thing for this or any other country. The past is a proof of that. What was it but political ignorance which dictated a few years ago the letters signed 'Swing,' when the labouring men burned the hay rick and the corn stack in the wise expectation of bettering their own condition by that means.

needed very little political economy to teach them that all the wages in the world would not make a country rich, when its real resources are destroyed; that gold is but the symbol of another and a more real wealth for which it stands as the convenient expression; that the increase of their money would not give any increase in their comforts; and that when the country's means of subsistence are diminished all the coin in the country could not enrich them. What was it but political ignorance that suggested the workman's strike for wages? A very little political information would have told him that it is to a small extent that the master can regulate the wages; he gives that they depend on many things over which he has no control, as for instance, on the supply of labour in the market and on the demand for the commodity. Besides this, if there be a man in the country to whom politics are of personal consequence, it is the labouring man. A man in the higher classes may turn his attention to them, if he likes; nothing forces him to do so. It is to him a matter of amusement, a speculation, a theoretical curiosity—not necessarily anything more. The difference of a penny in the price of a loaf makes no perceptible change on his table; but it may make the poor man's grate empty for a fortnight. If an unfair tax be imposed, a man in the upper ranks will scarcely be compelled to retrench a luxury in his establishment; but to the poor man it is almost a matter of life and death. Therefore a labouring man will be, must be a politician; he cannot help it; and the only question is, whether he shall be an informed one or an uninformed one. To him politics are a thing of daily feeling; but the man who feels a wrong most severely is not generally the man who is in the best state for calmly ascertaining the causes of the wrong. The child which feels the pin that pricks, knows better than any one can tell it that there is something wrong; but it is not exactly the one to judge when it strikes at random, whether it be the nurse's fault or the result of circumstances. The uneducated man is precisely in the same position; he feels politically the sharpness and the torture of his position; but he is just as likely in his exasperation to raise his hand against an innocent government as against a guilty one. Therefore it was that in past times, when a pestilence came, the poorer classes, believing that it was caused by the medical men of the country for their own benefit, visited their fury upon them. They felt keenly, they struck wrongly. Tell us, then, whether it be safe and whether it be wise that the poor man, or that any class, should be profoundly ignorant of politics.

Under the second head, that of elevating the taste, the lecturer refers mainly to poetry and fiction, pronouncing a glowing eulogium on Dickens's works, which seems to have

given considerable offence to his clerical and aristocratic friends in Brighton and the neighbourhood. They were also displeased with another passage in which, referring to the improved tone of the press, he singled out *Punch* for special commendation:

"There is a paper familiar to us all, which is the representative of English humour. It is dedicated to mirth and jollity; but it is a significant feature of our times, and I believe a new one, that the comic satire of a country, expressed in a periodical, which tests a country's feeling because of its universal circulation, should be, on the whole, on the side of right. It takes the side of the oppressed; it is never bitter except against what at least seems unjust and insincere. It is rigidly correct in purity, distinctly saying in all this that England even in her hour of mirth is resolved to permit no encroachment on her moral tone."

Mr. Robertson reiterates the obnoxious praise in his second address, which is, on other and far higher grounds, a good illustration of his courage and sincerity. There was a schism in the Institute in consequence of some of the members wishing to introduce works of a decidedly infidel character. In this emergency Mr. Robertson volunteered an address in which, while refusing to denounce sincere thinkers, however opposed they may be to Christian truth, or join in the cry against those who are commonly reputed infidels, he appealed in a sensible manner to the schismatic minority not to violate their own profession of liberty by tyrannising over the majority on such a point. As the result the Institute was reconstituted on a better basis, and is now in a flourishing condition. The three lectures on Poetry which follow these addresses, though of no great critical value, are much above the ordinary run of provincial lectures on Wordsworth and Tennyson.

The main fault of the lectures, which attaches also in some degree to the author's sermons as well, is the presence in them of a too conscious and apologetic tone, as though a clergyman in these days was obliged to explain that he is really in earnest, and to apologise for being truthful and sincere. With this slight drawback they are, however, sensible and good.

Hours Subsecivæ. Locke and Sydenham; with other Occasional Papers. By John Brown, M.D. (Edinburgh: Constable & Co.)

The majority of papers contained in this volume are connected with medical education and reform. Many of them have already appeared at intervals in different publications. The author's objects in collecting and republishing them are, as stated by himself in the preface, practical and good. He wishes, in the first place, to give his emphatic vote in favour of the old system of medical training, in which sound liberal education, a broad manly culture of the mind, was made the basis of all professional study. He looks back with regret on the days of Arbuthnot and Gregory, when a physician lived in the world of letters as a freholder, and revered the ancients, while at the same time he pushed on amongst his fellows and lived in the present. We quite agree with him in this, but think at the same time that Dr. Brown has not made sufficient allowance for the enlarged requirements of his profession in modern times. A hundred years ago a student of medicine's strictly scientific course lay within very narrow limits. He had not

to study a tithe of what he must now master before commencing practice. His course included little beyond rudimentary anatomy and mythical chemistry. Galen and Hippocrates belonged almost as much to general as to professional education. When there was so little to learn in their own profession, it is scarcely to be wondered at that men of active minds generally distinguish themselves in some other pursuit. This is one of the reasons indeed that Bacon assigns for what singularly enough seems to have been the fact in his day, that physicians devoted themselves to almost every science and art except their own. The other reason he gives is the small practical difference it made, so far as public estimation and support were concerned, whether a doctor were a wise man or a fool, a skilful practitioner or a mountebank. "Therefore I cannot much blame physicians," he says, "that they use commonly to intend some other art or practice, which they fancy more than their profession. For you shall have of them antiquaries, poets, humanists, statesmen, merchants, divines, and in every one of these better seen than in their profession; and no doubt upon this ground, that they find that mediocrity and excellency in their art maketh no difference in profit or reputation towards their fortune, for the weakness of patients, and sweetness of life, and nature of hope, maketh men depend upon physicians with all their defects." We have now reached exactly the opposite extreme from that which prevailed in Bacon's day. Through the multiplication and development of the sciences which contribute more or less to the art of healing, medical men have now but little leisure for general studies. Instead of cultivating every other field of inquiry, they confine themselves exclusively to their own—so exclusively, indeed, that the limiting influence of their professional studies has become almost proverbial. Whether correctly or not it is commonly said that medical men are less informed on general subjects, and more bigotedly sectarian in their opinions and judgments than the members of any other liberal profession. In these days there is therefore some ground for Dr. Brown's plea in favour of a more catholic and liberal culture for medical men. Even in a professional point of view this is of great importance; for a physician's success in the practice of his art depends far more on the general mental power which a liberal training gives, on the possession of a well-cultivated and well-developed intellect, than on the perfect mastery of any special science or sciences, such as chemistry, botany, or physiology.

As a second point, Dr. Brown specifies one of the main directions in which he wishes to see the education of medical men expanded—that of mental science, studied in an earnest practical spirit. We heartily agree with him in this. Next to his strictly professional studies, experimental psychology is certainly the most useful branch of inquiry that a medical man can possibly pursue. Half the diseases he has to deal with are bodily ills arising from the state of the mind, or mental ills produced by some derangement of the bodily functions. Much of his life is thus of necessity spent in the study of complex phenomena, connected with the intercourse between flesh and spirit, the action and re-action of mind and body on each other. If he knows only one term of this relation, is familiar only with the bodily functions, without having any practical insight into

the more delicate laws, and processes of the mind, he must walk very much at random and in the dark. A practical knowledge of experimental psychology is thus almost indispensable to a thoroughly educated and accomplished physician. This intimate connection between the two sciences of psychology and physiology is illustrated throughout the entire history of medicine. From the days of Galen and Hippocrates to those of Locke and Sydenham, and from Locke and Sydenham to our own time, many of the most eminent physicians have been distinguished for their attainments in philosophy as well as in medicine. The necessity for such study is more urgent now than ever. The intense mental activity incident to a high state of civilisation like our own, has considerably multiplied and aggravated the maladies arising from overwrought brain and nerves. And the experimental study of the mind, and its working, can no longer be neglected by any young physician who would practice his art intelligently and with the highest success.

The third point Dr. Brown touches upon is that of the *vis medicatrix nature*. He urges that physiology and the laws of health should be studied as the best interpreters of disease and cure: "That it is in watching Nature's methods of cure in ourselves and in the lower animals, and in a firm faith in the self-regulative recuperative powers of nature that all our therapeutic intentions and means must proceed."

The last and most important object Dr. Brown proposes to himself in these papers, which he keeps steadily in view throughout the volume, is to illustrate and enforce the "necessary difference between speculative science and practical art, and the necessity of estimating medicine more as the art of healing than the science of diseased action and appearance." That it can be taught better by example than by precept naturally follows, and Dr. Brown insists on the need of such teaching as one of the "most urgent wants of the time." In this point of view he is almost tempted to regret the abolition of the old apprenticeship system, this particular good being given up along with its admitted evils. "Regard for and reliance on a person," he says, "is not less necessary for a young learner than believing in a principle or an abstract body of truth." There is a good deal of truth in this—truth that is too much neglected in our modern methods of medical education. Mere lectures teach comparatively little or nothing. The student who attends them derives his scientific knowledge after all mainly from books. And the best lectures of course can never supply the place of actual observation and experience. This is what is most urgently wanted, and this is precisely the element which our modern systems tend more and more to diminish and exclude. The old seven years' apprenticeship was, no doubt, far too long a span of mere empirical training; but a period of such discipline, of some such varied, minute, and leisurely experience, is an essential element in sound medical education. Hospital practice does not exactly supply the place of personal relation to a skilful practitioner, of constant intercourse with him, and observation of his methods of regimen and treatment. A sharp eye, a quick and delicate perception, a prompt, well-trained intellect, are the best instruments of observation, more certain and direct in detecting the symptoms of disease than any other; and the daily study of their working in a living

example, must of necessity be a practical education of the highest kind. One who has had such a training and turned it to good account will often succeed where even the accurate instruments of science and technical rules of art fail. Dr. Brown insists on this at great length. Natural sagacity, enlightened by liberal and comprehensive study, and trained to keen and delicate observation in the school of actual experience, is his ideal of the medical practitioner. The first paper on "Locke and Sydenham," which gives its title to the volume, is an illustration of his doctrine on this head. He signals throughout the fine faculty of observation, the sound judgment, and strong common sense, that distinguished Sydenham in his practice of medicine.

It will be seen that Dr. Brown's aims in these papers are of a practical and useful kind, and so far as the volume helps to forward them it is welcome and seasonable. It will do this, however, rather by the spirit that animates its pages than by anything specially original or powerful in their matter or form. The substance of the papers is comparatively slight, and the style, though carefully laboured, and not without striking felicities of expression, unequal, scrappy, and certainly none of the best. With a considerable appreciation of criticism and philosophy, Dr. Brown has himself no great critical or philosophic power. His faculty is rather literary than scientific, and his peculiar forte evidently lies in the direction of humour and description. He is, however, like many greater men, rather disposed to slight the gifts which nature has bestowed upon him, and to pride himself on the exercise of those she has to a great extent withheld. He evidently, for example, deems a meagre and affected description of certain moral systems, which he gives under the title of "Excursus Ethicus" as of real importance, while he apologises for the introduction of a humorous and pathetic sketch, entitled "Rab and His Friends," which is in reality the gem of the volume. The humour and pathos of this little story are so genuine, the feeling and insight it displays so delicate and true, and the writing altogether so happy in its brief descriptive touches, that we only regret we cannot extract it entire. We heartily commend it to all readers who have an opportunity of looking into the volume. Taking this sketch as the representative of Dr. Brown's peculiar powers, we recommend him, in no unsympathetic spirit, to stick to "Rab and His Friends."

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meaning. When we say that two men are talking politics, we often mean that they are wrangling about some mere party question. When I use the term 'politics' this evening, I use it in the sense in which it was used by all the great and noble authors of the ancient world, who meant by the science of politics the intelligent comprehension of a man's position and relations as a member of a great nation. You will observe that in this sense politics subordinate to themselves every department of earthly science. A man who understands nothing of agriculture, nothing of trade, nothing of human nature, nothing of past history, nothing of the principles of law, cannot pretend to be more than a mere empiric in political legislation. Everything that man can know is subservient to this noble science. Understood in this sense, the working men of this country have an interest in politics. For, in the first place, political ignorance is not a safe thing for this or any other country. The past is a proof of that. What was it but political ignorance which dictated a few years ago the letters signed 'Swing,' when the labouring men burned the hay rick and the corn stack in the wise expectation of bettering their own condition by that means?

It needed very little political economy to teach them that all the wages in the world would not make a country rich, when its real resources are destroyed; that gold is but the symbol of another and a more real wealth for which it stands as the convenient expression; that the increase of their money would not give any increase in their comforts; and that when the country's means of subsistence are diminished all the coin in the country could not enrich them. What was it but political ignorance that suggested the workman's strike for wages? A very little political information would have told him that it is to a small extent that the master can regulate the wages he gives; that they depend on many things over which he has no control, as for instance on the supply of labour in the market and on the demand for the commodity. Besides this, if there be a man in the country to whom politics are of personal consequence, it is the labouring man. A man in the higher classes may turn his attention to them, if he likes; nothing forces him to do so. It is to him a matter of amusement, a speculation—a theoretical curiosity—not necessarily anything more. The difference of a penny in the price of a loaf makes no perceptible change on his table; but it may make the poor man's grate empty for a fortnight. If an unfair tax be imposed, a man in the upper ranks will scarcely be compelled to retrench a luxury in his establishment; but to the poor man it is almost a matter of life and death. Therefore a labouring man will be, must be a politician; he cannot help it; and the only question is, whether he shall be an informed one or an uninformed one. To him politics are a thing of daily feeling; but the man who feels a wrong most severely is not generally the man who is in the best state for calmly ascertaining the causes of the wrong. The child which feels the pin that pricks, knows better than any one can tell it that there is something wrong; but it is not exactly the one to judge when it strikes at random, whether it be the nurse's fault or the fault of circumstances. The uneducated man is precisely in the same position; he feels politically the sharpness and the torture of his position; but he is just as likely in his exasperation to raise his hand against an innocent government as against a guilty one. Therefore it was that in past times, when a pestilence came, the poorer classes, believing that it was caused by the medical men of the country for their own benefit, visited their fury upon them. They felt keenly, they struck wrongly. Tell us, then, whether it be safe and whether it be wise that the poor man, or that any class, should be profoundly ignorant of politics.

Under the second head, that of elevating the taste, the lecturer refers mainly to poetry and fiction, pronouncing a glowing eulogium on Dickens's works, which seems to have

given considerable offence to his clerical and aristocratic friends in Brighton and the neighbourhood. They were also displeased with another passage in which, referring to the improved tone of the press, he singled out *Punch* for special commendation:

"There is a paper familiar to us all, which is the representative of English humour. It is dedicated to mirth and jollity; but it is a significant feature of our times, and I believe a new one, that the comic satire of a country, expressed in a periodical, which tests a country's feeling because of its universal circulation, should be, on the whole, on the side of right. It takes the side of the oppressed; it is never bitter except against what at least seems unjust and insincere. It is rigidly correct in purity, distinctly saying in all this that England even in her hour of mirth is resolved to permit no encroachment on her moral tone."

Mr. Robertson reiterates the obnoxious praise in his second address, which is, on other and far higher grounds, a good illustration of his courage and sincerity. There was a schism in the Institute in consequence of some of the members wishing to introduce works of a decidedly infidel character. In this emergency Mr. Robertson volunteered an address in which, while refusing to denounce sincere thinkers, however opposed they may be to Christian truth, or join in the cry against those who are commonly reputed infidels, he appealed in a sensible manner to the schismatic minority not to violate their own profession of liberty by tyrannising over the majority on such a point. As the result the Institute was reconstituted on a better basis, and is now in a flourishing condition. The three lectures on Poetry which follow these addresses, though of no great critical value, are much above the ordinary run of provincial lectures on Wordsworth and Tennyson.

The main fault of the lectures, which attaches also in some degree to the author's sermons as well, is the presence in them of a too conscious and apologetic tone, as though a clergyman in these days was obliged to explain that he is really in earnest, and to apologise for being truthful and sincere. With this slight drawback they are, however, sensible and good.

Horn Subsecutor, Locke and Sydenham; with other Occasional Papers. By John Brown, M.D. (Edinburgh: Constable & Co.)

The majority of papers contained in this volume are connected with medical education and reform. Many of them have already appeared at intervals in different publications. The author's objects in collecting and republishing them are, as stated by himself in the preface, practical and good. He wishes, in the first place, to give his emphatic vote in favour of the old system of medical training, in which sound liberal education, a broad manly culture of the mind, was made the basis of all professional study. He looks back with regret on the days of Arbuthnot and Gregory, when a physician lived in the world of letters as a freeholder, and revered the ancients, while at the same time he pushed on amongst his fellows and lived in the present. We quite agree with him in this, but think at the same time that Dr. Brown has not made sufficient allowance for the enlarged requirements of his profession in modern times. A hundred years ago a student of medicine's strictly scientific course lay within very narrow limits. He had not

to study a tithe of what he must now master before commencing practice. His course included little beyond rudimentary anatomy and mythical chemistry. Galen and Hippocrates belonged almost as much to general as to professional education. When there was so little to learn in their own profession, it is scarcely to be wondered at that men of active minds generally distinguish themselves in some other pursuit. This is one of the reasons indeed that Bacon assigns for what singularly enough seems to have been the fact in his day, that physicians devoted themselves to almost every science and art except their own. The other reason he gives is the small practical difference it made, so far as public estimation and support were concerned, whether a doctor were a wise man or a fool, a skilful practitioner or a mountebank. "Therefore I cannot much blame physicians," he says, "that they use commonly to intend some other art or practice, which they fancy more than their profession. For you shall have of them antiquaries, poets, humanists, statesmen, merchants, divines, and in every one of these better seen than in their profession; and no doubt upon this ground, that they find that mediocrity and excellency in their art maketh no difference in profit or reputation towards their fortune; for the weakness of patients, and sweetness of life, and nature of hope, maketh men depend upon physicians with all their defects." We have now reached exactly the opposite extreme from that which prevailed in Bacon's day. Through the multiplication and development of the sciences which contribute more or less to the art of healing, medical men have now but little leisure for general studies. Instead of cultivating every other field of inquiry, they confine themselves exclusively to their own—so exclusively indeed, that the limiting influence of their professional studies has become almost proverbial. Whether correctly or not it is commonly said that medical men are less informed on general subjects, and more bigotedly sectarian in their opinions and judgments than the members of any other liberal profession. In these days there is therefore some ground for Dr. Brown's plea in favour of a more catholic and liberal culture for medical men. Even in a professional point of view this is of great importance; for a physician's success in the practice of his art depends far more on the general mental power which a liberal training gives, on the possession of a well-cultivated and well-developed intellect, than on the perfect mastery of any special science or sciences, such as chemistry, botany, or physiology.

As a second point, Dr. Brown specifies one of the main directions in which he wishes to see the education of medical men expanded—that of mental science, studied in an earnest practical spirit. We heartily agree with him in this. Next to his strictly professional studies, experimental psychology is certainly the most useful branch of inquiry that a medical man can possibly pursue. Half the diseases he has to deal with are bodily ills arising from the state of the mind, or mental ills produced by some derangement of the bodily functions. Much of his life is thus of necessity spent in the study of complex phenomena, connected with the intercourse between flesh and spirit, the action and re-action of mind and body on each other. If he knows only one term of this relation, is familiar only with the bodily functions, without having any practical insight into

the more delicate laws and processes of the mind, he must walk very much at random and in the dark. A practical knowledge of experimental psychology is thus almost indispensable to a thoroughly educated and accomplished physician. This intimate connection between the two sciences of psychology and physiology is illustrated throughout the entire history of medicine. From the days of Galen and Hippocrates to those of Locke and Sydenham, and from Locke and Sydenham to our own time, many of the most eminent physicians have been distinguished for their attainments in philosophy as well as in medicine. The necessity for such study is more urgent now than ever. The intense mental activity incident to a high state of civilisation like our own, has considerably multiplied and aggravated the maladies arising from overwrought brain and nerves. And the experimental study of the mind, and its working, can no longer be neglected by any young physician who would practice his art intelligently and with the highest success.

The third point Dr. Brown touches upon is that of the *vis medicatrix nature*. He urges that physiology and the laws of health should be studied as the best interpreters of disease and cure: "That it is in watching Nature's methods of cure in ourselves and in the lower animals, and in a firm faith in the self-regulative recuperative powers of nature that all our therapeutic intentions and means must proceed."

The last and most important object Dr. Brown proposes to himself in these papers, which he keeps steadily in view throughout the volume, is to illustrate and enforce the "necessary difference between speculative science and practical art, and the necessity of estimating medicine more as the art of healing than the science of diseased action and appearance." That it can be taught better by example than by precept naturally follows, and Dr. Brown insists on the need of such teaching as one of the "most urgent wants of the time." In this point of view he is almost tempted to regret the abolition of the old apprenticeship system, this particular good being given up along with its admitted evils. "Regard for and reliance on a person," he says, "is not less necessary for a young learner than believing in a principle or an abstract body of truth." There is a good deal of truth in this—truth that is too much neglected in our modern methods of medical education. Mere lectures teach comparatively little or nothing. The student who attends them derives his scientific knowledge after all mainly from books. And the best lectures of course can never supply the place of actual observation and experience. This is what is most urgently wanted, and this is precisely the element which our modern systems tend more and more to diminish and exclude. The old seven years' apprenticeship was, no doubt, far too long a span of mere empirical training; but a period of such discipline, of some such varied, minute, and leisurely experience, is an essential element in sound medical education. Hospital practice does not exactly supply the place of personal relation to a skilful practitioner, of constant intercourse with him, and observation of his methods of regimen and treatment. A sharp eye, a quick and delicate perception, a prompt, well-trained intellect, are the best instruments of observation, more certain and direct in detecting the symptoms of disease than any other; and the daily study of their working in a living

example, must of necessity be a practical education of the highest kind. One who has had such a training and turned it to good account will often succeed where even the accurate instruments of science and technical rules of art fail. Dr. Brown insists on this at great length. Natural sagacity, enlightened by liberal and comprehensive study, and trained to keen and delicate observation in the school of actual experience, is his ideal of the medical practitioner. The first paper on "Locke and Sydenham," which gives its title to the volume, is an illustration of his doctrine on this head. He signals throughout the fine faculty of observation, the sound judgment, and strong common sense, that distinguished Sydenham in his practice of medicine.

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such phrases as "May God and all His sons love you as I do," led of course to correspondence, in which each made the other the confidant of his very inner thoughts. The best letter of Coleridge's is the following:

"Work hard, and if success do not dance up like the bubbles in the salt (with the spirit lamp under it), may the Devil and his dam take success! My dear fellow! from the window before me there is a great *camp* of mountains. Giants seem to have pitched their tents there. Each mountain is a giant's tent, and how the light streams from them. Davy! I *ache* for you to be with us.

"W. Wordsworth is such a lazy fellow, that I bemoire myself by making promises for him: the moment I received your letter, I wrote to him. He will, I hope, write immediately to Biggs and Cottle. At all events, those poems must not as yet be delivered up to them, because that beautiful poem, 'The Brothers,' which I read to you in Paul Street, I neglected to deliver to you, and that must begin the volume. I trust, however, that I have invoked the sleeping bard with a spell so potent, that he will awake and deliver up that sword of Argantyr, which is to rive the enchanter *Gaudyverse* from his crown to his foot.

"What did you think of that case I translated for you from the German? That I was a well-meaning sutor who had ultra-crepitated with more zeal than wisdom!! I give myself credit for that word 'ultra-crepitated,' it started up in my brain like a creation. I write to Tobin by this post. Godwin is gone Irelandward, on a visit to Curran, says the *Morning Post*; to Grattan, writes C. Lamb.

"We drank tea the night before I left Grasmere, on the island in that lovely lake; our kettle swung over the fire, hanging from the branch of a fir-tree, and I lay and saw the woods, and mountains, and lake all trembling, and as it were idealized through the subtle smoke, which rose up from the clear, red embers of the fir-apples which we had collected: afterwards we made a glorious bonfire on the margin, by some elder bushes, whose twigs heaved and sobbed in the uprushing column of smoke, and the image of the bonfire, and of us that danced round it, ruddy, laughing faces in the twilight; the image of this in a lake, smooth as that sea, to whose waves the Son of God had said, *Peace!* May God, and all His sons, love you as I do.

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Sara desires her kind remembrances. Hartley is a spirit that dances on an aspen leaf; the air that yonder swallow-faced and yawning tourist is breathing, is to my babe a perpetual nitrous oxide. Never was more joyous creature born. Pain with him is so wholly transubstantiated by the joys that had rolled on before, and rushed on after, that oftentimes five minutes after his mother has whipt him, he has gone up and asked her to whip him again."

But there are in the other letters many peculiarly characteristic touches. For instance, we can easily picture the man sheltering himself from a storm under a sort of cairn on a mountain side. "There I sat," says he, "with a total feeling worshipping the power and eternal link of energy;" and again, writing of his literary plans:

"I fear, let me work as hard as I can, I shall not be able to do what my heart within me *burns* to do; that is, to *concentrate* my free mind to the affinities of the feelings with words and ideas under the title of 'Concerning Poetry, and the nature of the Pleasures derived from it.' I have faith that I do understand the subject, and I am sure that if I write what I ought to do on it, the work would supersede all the books on metaphysics, and all the books of morals too. To whom shall a young man utter his *pride*, if not to a young man whom he loves?"

Southey's letters to Davy abound more in confidential details of his own literary plans than in metaphysical wanderings or valedic-

tudinary complaints; and at this time of day, when "Thalaba" and "Madoc" are matters of history, they have a strange interest.

A few words in the correspondence with Southey about the authorship of the "Gebir" bring up an amusing mistake about Landor's escapade at College, "where," says Southey, "he was notorious as a mad Jacobin. . . and was obliged to leave for shooting at one of the fellows." Mr. Landor in a letter denies this murderous intent, though he admits the shooting, which amounted merely to discharging a fowling-piece with which he had been out. "I should not have been rusticated," he adds, "for two terms unless the action had been during prayers. Kett, who afterwards hanged himself, and thereby proved for the first time his honesty and justice, told the president he was too lenient;" and Landor concludes, "Southey did not find me quite so mad as he expected when he visited me at Clifton. . . Virtue, wisdom, and genius he united in a higher degree, and more interfused, than any other creature I have known. His friendship is the main glory of my life."

Sir Walter Scott, in a brief letter, records his high opinion of the poetical abilities of Sir Humphry, but as it contains little more than an indorsement of Coleridge's estimate, there is no special interest in it. Mrs. Apreece was a cousin of Sir Walter's, he says, "after the fashion of my country." He concludes, "I have myself heard my deceased friend repeat poetry of the highest order of composition." Wordsworth's admiration is conveyed in a few commonplace expressions, worth extracting only as they relate to a remarkable day's excursion among the mountains:

"His conversation was very entertaining, for he had seen much, and he was naturally a very eloquent person. The most interesting day I ever passed with him was in this country. We left Patterdale in the morning, he, Sir Walter Scott, and myself ascended to the top of Helvellyn together. Here Sir H. left us, and we all dined together at my little cottage in Grasmere, which you must remember so well. When I last saw him, which was for several days at Lowther (I forget the year), though he was apparently as lively as ever in conversation, his constitution was clearly giving way; he shrank from his ordinary exercises of fishing and on the moors. I was much concerned to notice this, and feared some unlucky result. There were points of sympathy between us, but fewer than you might perhaps expect. His scientific pursuits had hurried his mind into a course where I could not follow him; and had diverted it in proportion from objects with which I was best acquainted."

As regards the next most interesting group, Sir H. Davy's own remains, we may remark that a few of the poetical fragments are of a high order, while some, it must be confessed, are disappointing. The letters and extracts from note-books, &c., are just what might have been expected from that singular combination of mental attributes which could produce both "Salmonia," and "The Elements of Chemistry." Science and fly-fishing, politics—of which last his letters to Lady Davy are full—and metaphysical speculations are curiously mingled together, but all betoken a mind ever working, never resting, wearing out itself, or rather the body it lived in, long before the natural time. As a specimen of the poetic fragments we subjoin some lines taken from a poem written on Ilam Hall in the album of the proprietor, and descriptive of the scenery in the neighbourhood:

"The groves that close the solemn scene
In wildest form and sylvan guise
Sleep as the rocky cliffs arise
So deep their shade, they well might seem
Some wild, unhaunted solitude,
Fit for the poet's midday dream,
Where Nature, still untamed and rude,
And by no human fancy drest,
Retains her pure and virgin vest.
Beneath the wood, a crystal wave
Gushes from forth a moss-grown cave,
Pure, fresh, and living, from the rock,
Sent by some earthquake's awful shock,
In the elder time, asunder,
And falling thence in foam and thunder
To meet a kindred stream, whose name
Is blended with the classic fame
Of him, the Fisherman, who caught
The happy art of waking thought,
Pious, vigorous, and chaste,
From simplest subjects, and with taste,
Quaint and antique, but yet refined,
Drew portraits of the Christian mind;
Such as adorned the elder time
In worthies of our church sublime."

In the following extracts from Davy's letters, our readers will observe specimens of the curious mingling referred to. He thus writes to Mr. Knight:

"I shall send you the flies and hooks before the season commences. The gamekeeper was so good as to say he would put into your hands for me some wrens' tails and fieldfares' wings; all other feathers we can get in London.

"I have been busily at work for the last three months, and have succeeded in solving some difficult problems on the nature of sulphur, phosphorus, charcoal, the diamond, the boracic and fluoric acids. All these bodies prove to be compounds."

And thus to another friend:

"I wish you could be of our party here; we are in a delightful house, that of Lord Stafford, in a country abounding with fish and game. I have caught about thirty salmon since I have been here, and killed grouse, wild ducks, and teal, &c. I have not yet shot a stag, but I hope to do so this next week.

"I have just published a volume of the 'Elements of Chemistry,' and I hope to publish another in the course of the spring."

From what may be called the political corners of his letters we extract the following happily worded panegyric on the national character:

"The wealth of our island may be diminished, but the strength of mind of the people cannot easily pass away; and our literature, our science, and our arts, and the dignity of our nature, depend little upon our external relations. When we had fewer colonies than Genoa, we had Bacons and Shakespeares. The wealth and prosperity of the country are only the *comeliness* of the body—the fulness of the flesh and fat;—but the spirit is independent of them—it requires only muscle, bone, and nerve, for the true exercise of its functions. We cannot lose our liberty, because we cannot cease to *think*; and ten millions of people are not easily annihilated."

And by way of contrast here is his opinion of the character of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel:

"Whoever knows the French people, knows that it is impossible to depend on their gratitude, and that they are not influenced by kindness: irregular in their affections, capricious in their feelings, without public spirit, their ruling passions are selfishness and vanity; and by these they are kept in continual agitation. Their selfishness may be compared to gravitation, which tends to preserve them attached to the common centre, France; their vanity to the projectile force leading them on to distant conquests; but even these two powers are never in equilibrium—they produce no harmonious movements, no results that can be submitted to calculation."

The above is taken from a curious draft or sketch of a letter without date or address. But it is supposed by the editor to have been intended for Lord Liverpool, and written shortly after the capitulation of Paris to the

allied armies, and Davy's return to England. The opinion seems to savour, as do some other bitter expressions against the same nation, of ingratitude towards a people who had conferred on him one of their highest prizes, "The Napoleon prize medal," in 1801, for his discoveries in Voltaic electricity, and who in 1813 had allowed both him and Faraday to travel through their country, at that time at war with us, *en philosophe*. But in those days it was an integral part of an Englishman's duty to adopt Lord Nelson's profession of faith, "I hate a Frenchman."

The opinion Davy formed of the natives of Erin—for in 1811 he visited the Edgeworths—is very amusing, and it contains much truth:

"As a physically gifted race, the people of Mayo and Galway are handsomer and more robust than those of any other part of Ireland. The women—some of them—have characters of softness and beauty. There are no manufactures in the country; little or no agriculture; little or no law amongst the tenants, but much litigation amongst the landlords, who for the most part are resident out of the country. Connemara is the haunt of deserters and smugglers. The few persons of the middling class who reside there are delighted to see strangers, who are hailed with the same feeling of novelty and wonder as a comet in our planetary system. The lower classes are uncertain and dangerous, not unlike the natives of Owyhee; a stranger is scarcely safe amongst them. There was only one place in Connaught where I saw an improving peasantry, possessing industry, regular habits, and civility without fawning; this was at Ballina. You will, I dare say, guess the reason—there are four or five great and liberal proprietors residing amongst them, and setting an example of cultivation and good manners."

"Lady M., amongst other belles, is constant in her attendance at my lectures. She was asked why she went. She answered: 'I have, I have a reason.' How she can have subdued so many hearts is to me incredible. She flatters, but not now in a refined manner; it is gross adulation. She does not bear the decline of her empire with dignity, but *davals* in attempting to exalt both her personal and sentimental attractions."

"There was an admirable scene at Lady Caher's last night. Miss Owen's sister came in masquerade, and personated an antique princess of Kerry with excellent effect. The wits were almost all taken in, even Mrs. Parkhurst was deceived, though acquainted with the lady."

The next extract we shall give is from a letter written from Scotland in 1821, pending the visit of George IV.:

"The Highland lairds are all marching bag and baggage (not baggage) to Edinburgh, with as strong expressions of loyalty as if they had never been Jacobites, and Scotland is all in commotion. I dined with Sir Walter Scott the day before I left Edinburgh, who is in fact master of the royal revels. I was much amused to see the deep interest he took in tailors, plumassiers, and show dressmakers, who are preparing this grand display of Scotch costume."

The last group of these fragments, the correspondence with Lady Davy, we should almost have doubted the taste of submitting to the public, but for the circumstance of the peculiarities of Sir Humphry's domestic position having already been made the subject of public comment by one of his biographers, Dr. Paris, who appears to have alluded to it in terms of which the editor of the "Remains," more than once complains.

We feel however that the additional light thrown on this delicate and rather painful subject by the letters now published, scarcely enables us to come to any much more satisfactory conclusion. There can, we

think, be little doubt that Sir Humphry's marriage with Mrs. Apreece very imperfectly realised the ardent expectations he had formed when he wrote, "I have every prospect of happiness in my new relations. A most exalted and charming intellectual woman, full of good feelings, refined taste, and having a mind stored with various knowledge." There is something exceedingly touching in finding him writing years afterwards, and not very long before his death, to Lady Davy from Mayence:

"I think you will find me altered in many things—with a heart still alive to value and reply to kindness, and a disposition to recur to the brighter moments of my existence of fifteen years ago, and with a feeling that though a burnt-out flame can never be rekindled, a smothered one may be. God bless you!"

And though it may be said the one letter was written during the honeymoon, the other, as it were, from a couch of weary illness, yet there are many other indications of discontent and complaint scattered about the "Remains," to which it is needless to refer. It is, however, but fair to Dr. Davy to allow him to be heard upon a subject concerning which he had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment. The following extract from his own remarks, which by the way evince much delicacy and feeling, will be sufficient for the purpose:

"Never, I believe, was admiration more genuine of its kind, or more lasting; indeed it continued, it may be inferred, judging from their closing correspondence, to the very last; the letters which will be given will afford proof. Yet, it may with equal certainty be inferred that there was an oversight, if not a delusion, as to the fitness of their union; and that it might have been better for both if they had never met; and, mainly for this reason, that the lady, in spite of all her attractions in mixed society, was not qualified for domestic life, for becoming the *placens uxor*, being without those inestimable endowments which are requisite for it—the agreeable temper, the gentle loving affections which are rarely possessed, which are hardly compatible with an irritable frame and ailing body, such as hers were (for her misfortune) in a remarkable degree."

To the above we think it but right to append *in extenso* what appears to have been Sir Humphry's last letter to his wife, and her reply:

"I am still alive, though expecting every hour to be released. The insidious and unexpected attack has destroyed almost all the powers of my body, but seems to have left every energy, and every refined taste of the mind perfect. As ill health may have prevented you from setting out, I write to you still in London, but I hope you will come to Rome as quickly as you can. I wish my dust to sleep in the city of the Caesars; but there are some relics which I should wish immediately delivered into your hands, or those of my brother; they are my six Dialogues, my legacy to the philosophical world; they are in five small volumes; and I hope before you arrive, Mr. Tobin will have made a second copy of them. Of these two copies I wish one to go to England, through a separate and distinct channel, to prevent accidents. I should not take so much interest in these works, did I not believe that they contain truths which cannot be recovered if they are lost, and which I am convinced will be extremely useful both to the moral and intellectual world. I may be mistaken in this point, yet it is the conviction of a man perfectly sane in all the intellectual faculties, and looking into futurity with the prophetic aspirations belonging to the last moments of existence."

"I rejoice that the Catholic question is carried. Without having a strong political bias, I have always considered this point as essential to the welfare of England as a great country, and con-

nected with her glory as a liberal, philosophical, and Christian country."

"You will find my horses I should hope fat, and in good keeping here, and I hope you will use them; at all events, I can recommend the ponies to you as riding horses, and George is now well acquainted with the manner in which they ought to be treated, and is I believe very careful of them. Should you prefer travelling post, the pair of large horses would, I think, be useful to my brother; and should he return to settle in England, or anywhere else as a physician, they may, I think, form a part of his establishment. He will, I hope, be at Rome before you can be there; and I think it is almost time for him to quit his life of medical adventure in the army. In my arrangements with respect to property, with regard to which I have left you sole executrix (my will is in a brass box at Drummond's), I wish my brother's interests to be specially considered, and whatever I have said with respect to him in my will and codicil, I wish to have interpreted in the most favourable manner. I believe I mentioned it to you in another place, but I am not sure, I wish the interest of 100%, that is to say, 4l. a year, to be given annually on my birthday to the scholars at the grammar-school at Penzance, provided that the Mayor and Corporation will consent to their having a holiday on that day. I strongly advise you to pay a visit to my friend, Monsignore Spada, at Spoleto. He had prepared an apartment there for me, which I hope my 'relicti' will occupy. Pray give him a copy of my second edition of 'Salmonia,' and likewise the little gold box in my writing case, sent to me by the Emperor Alexander, and which I think he will use as a snuff-box. He is one of the most amiable and enlightened men I ever knew, and I have no doubt will, at no distant period, be an honour to the conclave."

"God bless you, my dearest!"

"H. DAVY."

"From Lady Davy."

"I have received, my beloved Sir Humphry, the letter signed by your hand, with its precious wish of tenderness, bearing date the 1st of March. I start to-morrow, having been detained here by Drs. Babington and Clarke till to-day. I shall travel with all the expedition I can, to arrive not quite useless. I trust still to embrace you, for so clear and beautiful expressions and sentiments cannot be the inhabitants of decay, however of feeble limbs and frame. I shall to the extreme point hold your wishes sacred, and obey in ready willingness the spirit even more than the letter of your order. God still preserve you, and know that the lofty and noble tone of your letter deepens all love and faith I have ever borne to you, and believe the words of kind effort will be a shield to me through life. I cannot add more than that your fame is a deposit, and your memory a glory, your life still a hope."

"Your ever faithful and affectionate

"JANE DAVY."

And it is also right to add, that Lady Davy appears to have put her resolution of joining her husband in force on the spot and as rapidly as possible, for Dr. Davy informs us in his account of the last months of his brother's life, under the date of the 20th of April, "Lady Davy had joined us about a fortnight before, early in April." Sir Humphry's letter dates from Rome on the 1st of March. Probably after all Sir Humphry's case furnishes but another instance, in addition to the many on record, of a mere mutual admiration of intellectual qualities—great esteem, but little real affection—a state of things which has sometimes produced brilliant, but never happy homes. Our consideration, however, of the domestic part of the "Fragments" we gladly conclude. It only remains for us to add that we regard Dr. Davy as entitled to the gratitude of the public for furnishing so many new and interesting illustrations of the career of his illustrious brother.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

A party of ten, exclusively masculine, at a dinner-table in the Shakspeare Room at the Bedford Hotel, over against the Royal Italian Opera-house. Sated Hunger has bid his Brother Thirst produce the mighty bowl, i. e., dinner is over, and wine and dessert are under consideration. The EDITOR is in the Chair. The seat of glory on his right is allotted to a visitor from America, Colonel MICALAH W. BOPE, U.S., who is the most splendidly arrayed gentleman of the party. FOUNTAIN TEMPLE, Esq., Barrister-at-law, is on his right, cracking filberts. Next comes Professor OAKLEIGH, who is silently revolving a translation of a line in Ovid, to be used when occasion shall present itself. Lieutenant-Colonel CASCABLE, of the Engineers, is listening with some intolerance to the American gentleman's account of his taking a Mexican fortress single-handed. The Hon. LANGUID LINGUIST of the Foreign Office (called Mandarin Lang-Ling by his friends) is in the Vice-Chair. On his right is Mr. ICHABOD DROOPER, dramatic writer and critic, and melancholy, despite the radiant influence of his neighbour, Mr. LEXICON O'DONNEGAN, a wild and learned person from an adjacent islet. Solemnly plying a vast Marie Louise, Mr. STROKE, a gentleman of business, sits next; and the party is completed by the presence of Sir GEORGE AMBERGATE, who is a baronet.

TEMPLE.

There is much to be said on both sides of this question.

THE MANDARIN.

No doubt. But it would be in the highest degree convenient, if much were not said on either side. Nobody ever convinced anybody else, and what's the use of arguing? Pass the claret to Colonel Bopp.

THE VISITOR.

I thank you, Sir. (Bows very politely.)

THE COLONEL.

I don't see the thing as the Mandarin does. I thought we met for the purpose of debating whether our discussions should not be published for the illumination of mankind, and the advantage of a certain periodical. That a young gentleman in official life should instinctively evade a duty is, however, natural enough.

THE MANDARIN.

Conventional cant, my dear Cascable, is a great bore. Nobody works harder than we do, and everybody knows that who knows anything. (Uses toothpick.)

TEMPLE.

The first objection that I see to the printing conversation is, that the plan is not original.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

No more is conversation itself; but I'd scorn to keep my mouth shut just because somebody invented talking before my time.

THE PROFESSOR.

Perfect originality is an abstract impossibility, and were it a possibility, I am far from convinced that it would be a desirability. I know no better form than the dramatic one for treating miscellaneous subjects in a varied manner, and I

should unhesitatingly avail myself of whatever happened to suit my purpose.

THE VISITOR.

Your last sentiment is a large and noble one, Sir, and will find an echo among my own free and unhesitating countrymen.

TEMPLE.

Well then, you will be told that you are simply borrowing an idea which genius has made a popular one. In a word, here is a table, with wine and fruit, and certain representative men talking round it. You will be accused of imitating the immortal *Noctes*.

THE PROFESSOR.

Certainly you will, and the scoff will be rendered bitterly poignant by choice and thoroughly original selections from the Pagans. Be ready for *longo intervallo*, be prepared for *haud passibus equis*, tremblingly expect a hint about the bow of Ulysses, and—to be sure the class of critics in question are not much up in the sacred records, but I should not wonder if you heard about small David in the armour of great Goliath.

THE COLONEL.

Bother, we can bear that bosh.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Yes, as my friend the Colonel elegantly and eloquently says, if we trouble ourselves with the flippancies of inconsiderate objectors we shall never advance and prosper. There was tables before the days of the *Noctes*, for tables are mentioned by Homer and Virgil; there was fruits, for they are alluded to by the same authorities; and as for wine, was that invented in Scotland, the natural growth of the warm and genial sunshine that bathes the glowing vintage of Caledonia?

THE MANDARIN.

This ingenious Irishman's *flux de bouche* is intolerable. Besides which, of course, it is the merest evasion of the question.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Always evade a question not worth discussion. I present you with that hint *gratis*, my young friend, for the benefit of your diplomatic career.

THE MANDARIN.

It is a characteristic blunder, evincing the ignorance that might be expected. The recognised questions for discussion are frivolous ones—the others settle themselves. (Uses toothpick.)

MR. DROOPER.

You look at me as if you expected me to speak. The possible charge of imitation is not worth a word. There is no more reason for refraining from adding a dialogue to a periodical, because periodicals have had dialogues before, than for my refusing to add a comedy to the attractions of a theatre. The question really is, will the addition be an advantage? What do you mean to do?

MR. STROKE.

I presume that there is no intention to make the conversation invariably flippant.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Ah! never, I trust. Let it resemble the strains of the harp of my country, as characterised by my great countryman, the O'Mulligan, and let it alternately weep harmonious and smile melodious. But we will have no flippancy. Pass the claret.

THE BARONET.

The notion seems to me a very good one, but, to use an admirable commonplace, all depends upon the carrying it out. As for materials, there is all the world before you. For you see, my dear fellows,—I beg Colonel Bopp's pardon—(the Visitor bows)—in addition to the larger topics of the day, all of which come up naturally at such a meeting as ours, there are innumerable minor matters which it is difficult for a writer to touch in a regular form, either from their own lightness, or from their variety of character, and these are the very staple of conversation.

TEMPLE.

I beg your pardon. Do I understand that you mean to talk politics?

THE EDITOR.

Are you afraid of politics?

TEMPLE.

Afraid, no; but in a literary journal—

THE EDITOR.

I do not say that we should make political orations—

ALL (except the Visitor).

I should think not.

THE EDITOR.

Or crawl, clause by clause, through a Reform bill. But it seems to me that we are on the eve of a time when literature, if she is to be anything, must be something more than mere literature; and that if she is to be listened to after the battle, it will be because she has borne her part in it.

THE COLONEL.

There can be little doubt that a row is coming up.

THE EDITOR.

There is little doubt. I think, that the coming year will bring events at home and abroad, which it will not only be impossible for half-a-dozen rational men to avoid discussing when they meet, but which will exercise over home and foreign literature, an influence it would be unfair and unphilosophical for a literary organ to ignore. We need not seek politics, but we should not stand still, and have them thrust upon us.

THE COLONEL.

Right. Cavalry should never receive a charge at a halt.

TEMPLE.

All this is true, but do you mean to be a party organ? Is anybody going in for consulates or county-court judgeships?

THE EDITOR.

The question is natural from you, child of horse-hair, and you may see the answer in the faces of the rest of us.

THE PROFESSOR.

The plan itself negatives such an idea. Assuredly, as I take it, our council, or committee, or conversation, and *quocunque nomine*, is not to be an article chopped up into fragments, and intended to set out a political and literary creed, as the Church Catechism does a theological one. The Editor, I presume, will not ask me what is my duty to my neighbour who has not a vote, in order to elicit my decorous reply that My duty to my neighbour is to do everything to fit him for a voter, first, and then to do everything to make him one.

TEMPLE.

I hope not, because I am opposed to the extension of the suffrage.

THE COLONEL.

It wants both extending and curtailing.

MR. DROOPER.

I rather think I am for manhood suffrage, but I have not much considered the matter. The gallery has always applauded my pieces the most.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Manage your own island your own way, but give us justice, and disfranchise all the tyrannical Protestants.

THE BARONET.

No Catholic ought to have a vote at all, owing allegiance to a foreign sovereign.

MR. STOKES.

The present system would be a very good one, if lodgers were allowed votes.

THE MANDARIN.

My mouth is closed, of course, but you know what our fellows think.

THE EDITOR.

Now, Temple, I imagine that you are completely answered. Anybody's opinion will be welcome, the rather that it will bind nobody else. And as our party will frequently change, some of us being absent at times, and being replaced by others, we shall have a good chance of hearing most party notions on most subjects.

THE PROFESSOR.

Opinions will be advanced upon all topics that suggest themselves. But then the journal itself is a journal of opinion. Do you propose that we shall interfere, in any way, with the critical department of the periodical?

THE EDITOR.

Assuredly not. Our Council of Ten is apart and self-complete.

THE COLONEL.

And you are responsible for whatever the world hears of its debates. Report us fairly.

THE VISITOR.

Those last three words, *Sir*, contain five syllables. My revolver contains five barrels, as you would have known a trifle earlier, had the speech been addressed to me on the other side of the water.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

I have no revolver, but I have a pair of silver-mounted

MR. STOKES.

Spectacles? Change them for steel ones, like mine, which are much lighter, and offer no temptation to the domestics to mislay them until it is convenient to visit the marine store.

THE EDITOR.

Gentlemen, I shall endeavour to do my duty. I would add that should any of you, when likely to be absent, incline to put his ideas into writing, the material part thereof shall be read to the Council—or so much as the hearers will bear.

MR. DROOPER.

I occasionally say very clever things against persons. I rely upon their not being spoiled in

TEMPLE.

I frequently write very sweet verses. May I read them at this board?

THE PROFESSOR (muttering).

Echo answers bored.

THE MANDARIN.

I never say smart things, nor write sentimental poetry; but I get a squib now and then from clever fellows. I'll bring that sort of thing.

THE EDITOR.

Drooper's epigrams—Temple's poetry—Linguist's squibs, shall all be welcome. The vice-chair is also, from his position, in the way of obtaining political information. I do not wish to see him round the corner here, in Bow Street; but what he can give us with honour we will receive with thanks.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Ah! the harp of my country is silent.

THE BARONET.

Don't say that. Didn't it wake the other day, struck by William Carleton, in honour of Mr. Barney Williams, and did not its strains so move your countrymen that they took the horses from the actor's carriage, proposing to draw him home?

MR. STOKES.

And did they draw him home?

THE BARONET.

No; he, with proper *hauteur*, declined a compliment which the Irish had already paid to a mere Cardinal, and to a foreign singer who can't sing.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

We are a great people, and that's a fact, gentlemen. I was going to ask you whether one might bring you a bit of Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, or any other trifle in the way of elegant learning, playfully touched, you conceive me?

THE EDITOR.

Bearing in mind that the world, now-a-days, has self-restraint enough to abstain from paroxysms of ecstasy at the classic wit which calls a footbath the *πῶς*, spells English words in Greek letters, and makes fun at the expense of "Dame Venus" and "Dan Cupid," the O'Donnegan will oblige us by presenting any gems from his Anthology.

MR. STOKES.

I am a man of business, but I hear things sometimes—only names must not be mentioned.

THE EDITOR.

I think I may undertake that no word that escapes one of The Ten shall be unworthy of a gentleman.

TEMPLE.

In that case you might ask a lady or two to join the party.

THE MANDARIN.

Bother, no. Let's have one place of escape from them. Besides, how about smoking?

MR. DROOPER (sparkling up).

Invite none but widows; who'll bring their own weeds. (A solemn pause of five minutes.)

THE BARONET.

And yet he wonders that his plays are damned!

THE EDITOR.

If it meet your views, gentlemen, we may occasionally be honoured with the presence of those beings who—who—has nobody a quotation handy?—who—

THE PROFESSOR.

Who are pointedly excluded from the Mosaic Commandment against Sabbath breaking; and

who are, therefore, evidently intended to remain at home on Sundays and dress the dinner.

TEMPLE.

Wives—so they are. I never remarked it before. So they are.

THE VISITOR.

I should not exactly like to ventilate that sentiment in my own enlightened country. I might sell my chance at the next election for a red cent. The gentleman has the misfortune to be a bachelor, I conclude?

THE EDITOR.

Of Arts. For the rest, a devoted and obedient husband, known to take out his eight children for a walk on Sunday afternoons, and suspected of having once wheeled the penultimate infant in a perambulator. From such lips—and from those of the handsome but pallid youth in the vice-chair, who dances with foolish virgins until three in the morning—always come the taunts against women. Such is consistency.

THE PROFESSOR.

I see no inconsistency. We both spoke of what we have taken pains to understand.

THE EDITOR.

For penance you shall both be excluded on the day that the ladies come. And now, gentlemen, that we have discussed our plan, and as this may be regarded only as a preliminary meeting—a sort of night rehearsal, as Drooper would say—and as I think we all understand one another, I suggest that The Ten meet this day week for the dispatch of business.

THE O'DONNEGAN (discontented).

But there's wine on the table—

THE EDITOR.

And more on the sideboard, and more in the cellar, and I hope we shall try both before we separate. This day week, gentlemen? Then the Council is adjourned. The bottle's the Sun of our table, Professor, but let us have the system of Tycho Brahe.

The Professor puts the Sun of their table and the rest of the vinous Orrery into motion, and the machinery is found to work freely until a late hour.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The author of the "Debate on India" has been pardoned by the Emperor of the French for writing that pamphlet, and declines to accept such pardon. M. de Montalembert informs the authorities that, he having appealed against the sentence of the police-tribunal, it is no longer legally in the option of Government to pardon. By what course the Count, in a country where judges and laws are wax to the sovereign, marble to the subject, will enforce his assertion of right, it is difficult to say, but it is easy and gratifying to say that Charles de Montalembert refuses the "grace" of Louis Napoleon.

Announcement was made in the LITERARY GAZETTE, on authority, that a member of the Royal Family would pay an early visit to the loyal colony of Canada. The Canadians now appear to have received official intimation to the same effect, and are preparing a hearty welcome for the expected visitor.

The models sent in for the Havelock Memorial competition may be seen, in the Gallery of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, by artists on presenting their cards on the 6th, 7th, and 8th inst.; and by the Public (free) after the 8th (except on the 15th) from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.

We regret to hear that M. de Tocqueville, whose

work on "Democracy in America in 1835," created such a sensation, is now dangerously ill at Cannes. He is not expected to recover. M. de Tocqueville was born in 1805. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1841, and from the 3rd of June to the 31st of October, 1849, he was the Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Republic.

The Board of Works have decided, "subject of course to the confirmation of Parliament," to proceed with the erection of the Foreign Office, and for that purpose have selected the design of that most fortunate of Gothic architects, Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, R.A. Some of our contemporaries are in raptures with the decision; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Scott, if not too much interfered with, will produce a very picturesque building of the fashionable mediæval type. Whether it will harmonise as well with the other Gothic buildings in its vicinity as is anticipated, or whether it is precisely the kind of building best adapted to its purpose must be left for time to answer. That it will be very far indeed from a common-place structure every one will rest assured who saw the design when exhibited in Westminster Hall, or is acquainted with Mr. Scott's other buildings. It is intensely mediæval, but somewhat more foreign in character than we have been hitherto accustomed to see. In the original design there was a great deal of sculptural enrichment, and coloured stones and marbles were somewhat freely introduced. Mr. Scott himself says of it, "My style is, generally speaking, more columnar and more thoroughly arcuate than has been usual in the modern treatment of the style. I am convinced, that this will add enormously to the boldness and effect of the building." It is to be remembered, however, that the design is to be considerably modified, or remodelled, to suit the less ambitious intentions of the present holders of the public purse.

The decision respecting the Foreign Office has in one respect a curious resemblance to that on the Wellington Memorial, and both together ought to direct public attention to the question of competitions for national works. In each of these cases the designs were produced in consequence of an invitation from the government to compete for prizes with of course the implied understanding that the author of the premiated design should be employed to construct the work; and in each the design to which the highest prize was awarded has been set aside, and—after an interval—a design much lower in the scale of awards has been adopted. Mr. Scott's was the third in rank of the premiated designs for the Foreign Office; the first being that of Messrs. Coe and Hoffman, the second that of Messrs. Banks and Barry. Now, though nothing is more certain than that a government does not absolutely bind itself to abide by the decision of the judges in such a competition, though they were—after due deliberation—selected by itself as the most competent persons who could be found to decide between the claims of the several competitors; yet at the same time nothing ought to be more certain than that the right to overrule their decision should only be enforced where the decision was manifestly wrong, either from the terms of the competition not having been attended to, or from the design being clearly unsuitable. The carefully considered award of competent judges ought hardly to be subject to the caprice of a minister, who probably never in his life gave five minutes' consideration to questions of art. If competitions are to be retained, the awards ought to be regarded as judicial decisions, only to be overruled by a competent court of appeal. Any other course is evidently unfair both to judges and competitors, and (especially after the publication of the names of the competitors) gives room for very undesirable suspicions. In this case the ultimate decision may have been conscientiously arrived at, but, unless that can be shown to be the case, it must be regarded as an unwholesome precedent. Whether, after all, the present design will be carried into execution, or, like the previously adopted design of Mr. Pennethorne (a far less defensible proposition), be consigned to the limbo of immature births, depends on Fate—and the House of Commons.

It is by this time pretty generally known that Mr. John Pouncy of Dorchester has lately discovered a method of carbon printing in photography. A subscription list was opened some time ago in the "Photographic Notes," in order to raise 100*l.*, Mr. Pouncy having consented to regard that sum as an acknowledgment of his claims, and to divulge the particulars of his process upon its being raised. Our readers will be interested to hear that by enclosing a subscription to the inventor, anyone can now obtain from him by return of post a printed paper containing the full details of his manipulation; the paper being of course considered as strictly private, until the whole sum specified has been got together. Among the subscribers hitherto there have appeared the Prince Consort 10*l.*, the Countess of Rosse, Lord Alfred Churchill, the Secretary of the Scotch Photographic Society, and many more persons distinguished by position or scientific knowledge. Mr. Pouncy supplies a complete apparatus from his establishment at a very moderate price, full particulars of which are stated in the paper above mentioned. He is a candidate for the great 8000 franc prize, offered by the Duc de Luynes for carbon-printing. The award takes place next year, and we shall be pleased to see Mr. Pouncy announced as the successful competitor.

Local memorials are rising on every side. The fashion having been fairly set, all kinds of towns are evincing a desire to manifest their connection with all kinds of celebrities. At Cromarty the first stone was laid last week of a memorial of Hugh Miller, who was a native of that place. It is to consist of a column fifty feet high, surmounted by a statue of Miller by Mr. H. Ritchie. The base of the monument, which is to be of the old red-sandstone, from the quarry where Miller first studied the strata with which his name will be permanently associated, is to bear a suitable inscription, setting forth the dates of his birth and death, and the esteem in which his townsmen hold his scientific and literary merits. The inhabitants of the quaint old cathedral city of Chester have been holding a preliminary meeting, under the presidency of the mayor, to raise a memorial of the five-and-twenty years' connection of the Rev. Matthew Henry, the famous commentator on the Bible, with their city. It was decided to erect a statue of him in the city, and to found one or more Matthew Henry scholarships at Oxford, if sufficient funds could be obtained. Another noted theologian, of a different order, is to have a different testimonial. Epworth, in Lincolnshire, boasts itself the birth-place of the founder of Methodism. It is also somewhat singularly the birth-place of the great co-founder of the original system, who seems to be more in favour with his townsmen than the first prophet. There is, we believe, no public memorial of John Wesley in Epworth; but it is now proposed to raise one there to Alexander Kilham, the founder of the "Methodist New Connection," in the shape of a chapel, to be dedicated to him, and devoted to the service of the sect. Josiah Wedgwood, the father of British Art-manufacture, was born at Burslem; and the inhabitants of that flourishing place have bethought them that it is time to recognise how much they owe to the founder of the prosperity of the Staffordshire potteries. They have accordingly resolved to erect a Wedgwood memorial; and they have adopted for it the very suitable form of a handsome building, to be employed as a school of art. The construction has also been commenced of a Gothic column, which is to be erected as a memorial of the late Earl of Ellesmere, on an elevated site about half a mile west of Worsley Hall.

The expected cargo of antiquities from Badrum, the ancient Halicarnassus, despatched by Mr. C. T. Newton, with others from Carthage, has arrived, and is in course of delivery at the British Museum. These marbles will probably not equal in interest the former instalment, but they are understood to be of great value, and they will probably assist in solving the difficulties respecting the famous monument of Mausolus, which the

first collection left unsolved. At a recent meeting of the Institute of Architects, Mr. Westmacott, to whom the Trustees of the British Museum have intrusted the task of mending the more important of the statues, stated that the sixty-seven fragments of the colossal statue of Mausolus had been put together by the persons engaged upon the work with wonderful skill and ingenuity; and that without resorting to "restoring," as it is called, they had succeeded in reproducing a very noble statue; and they had been equally successful with a very beautiful female figure. Mr. Westmacott has not been able to discover any indications that any of these marbles were originally coloured. Her Majesty's iron steamer *Supply* has brought into the basin at Woolwich, a rich freight of spolia from two of the most famous sites in the ancient world: the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and the ruins of Carthage.

Messrs. Routledge & Co.'s firm now consists of Messrs. Routledge senior and junior, and Messrs. W. H. & F. Warne; and the designation is, "Routledge, Warnes, & Routledge." The business of the late Mr. Hatchard will in future be carried on under the name of "Hatchards," by Mrs. Hatchard in partnership with Mr. Taylor, late principal assistant; and that of the late Mr. Moxon, under the name of "Edward Moxon & Co."

OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

OUR last letters relating to Mary, Queen of Scots, had reference to the conspiracy of the Earl of Huntley [LITERARY GAZETTE, N.S., No. 15]. We purpose now speaking of two of the many suitors for the hand of Mary Stuart: Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the youthful Lord Darnley.

Mary, who had given up all idea of being married to a continental prince, resolved that she would "espouse some one from England, to which both Protestants and Catholics strongly urged her, and loudly threatened never to suffer the contrary." About February, 1564, Mary Stuart, being then twenty-one years of age, Queen Elizabeth directed her ambassador, Thomas Randolph, to make a somewhat singular proposition to the Scottish Queen; she advised her to marry Lord Robert Dudley, her own especial favourite. In the following month, Queen Mary, being then at St. Johnston's, Randolph took the opportunity of renewing this proposition, and "descended unto more specialities touching those matters." Mary complained that he had taken her at an advantage. I thought little, she says,

Of any such matter at this tyme as you now propound, but looked sone to have hard what good peace is concluded betwene the Kyng, my good brother, and yo^r Mestres, then so shortly to intreate agayne of such matters as these.

Randolph alluded to the length of time that had elapsed since his Sovereign made the first overtures unto her touching her marriage, and urged that "she could geve answers at one instant."

"Thynke you" replied Mary, "this to be a matter so easly to be resolved upon? Do you remember what yo^r Mestres wrote unto me touchyng my marriage; y^e unto 3 poyntes I oughte to have speciall regards, whereof honor was the speciall, and do you thinke that y^e maye stonde wth my honor to marrie a subject?" Randolph observed, by those means, "she maye perchance inherit suche a kyngedome as England is." "I looke not," sayth she, "for the kyngedome, for my syster maye marrie, and is lyke to lyve longer then my self. My respect is what maye presently be for my comdite and for the contentement of frendes who I beleve wolde hardlye argue that I sholde inbase my state so farre as that." Randolph argues against all these objections. "Nowe, M^r. R." sayth she, "dothe yo^r Mestres in good earnest wyshe me to marrie my L. Robert? Is that conforme to her promes to use me as her Syster or Daughtre to marrie her subject?" To which he replied, "that y^e myghte well stonde wth her promes for that ther was not a worthyer man to be founde."

The interview was a long one; Randolph's despatch to Cecil gives a full and particular account of what took place, and occupies two closely written sheets of paper. Queen Mary

appointed my L. of Murray, Argyle, and Liddington, to have further conference with Elizabeth's ambassador :

"What yt the Q., my syster, sholde marrie herself and have children?" argued Mary, "What have I then gotten? Whoe wyll judge thys to be wysaye done of me, or whoe wyll allowe yt; or yf she wold gyve me were yt never so myche, what assurance have I?"

An anonymous letter, which Mr. Thorpe, the editor of the Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland, says is undoubtedly written by William Kyrkcaldy, Laird of Grange, supplies the key to the probable reasons for this proposed marriage with the Earl of Leicester having been broken off in favour of the unhappy union with Lord Darnley. It is addressed, also in the hand of the Laird of Grange, "A mon frere Mons. Randolphe;" is written on paper which has the same water-mark as that used by Mr. Randolphe in England, as well as during his embassy in Scotland, and is sealed with the seal of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford :

Anonymous to Thomas Randolphe. [Extract.]

Edinburgh, 19 September, 1561.

We understanding y^e ze are to haile ane parlement [in England] hes th^e yt necessarye to send this gentillman unto zo^r to lat zo^r understand o^r gud mynd in adventure ze pretend in sum matiers y^e may to o^r hurt. First yf ze will performe in dead this thynge y^e ze have alrede effert we will marrye quhair zo plais so y^e it may stand wth o^r honor. As to me L. Robert D. albeit we lyke his vermes and honeste, zet because he is not cum as we understand of ane gret auld hows, and y^e his blude hes bene spotted, I feare for ther respectis we sall not accept hym. Heirfor luk upon the mixt eyther amanges zo^r or us, for yf ze will begyne to dryve tyme wth us I feare necessite compell us to marrye quhair we may; for I assure zo^r brother Tho. she wald verye fene have a man. And for the same sun lauboris ar maid be France, and lykewys be the moyen of the Duches of Descot, and zo^r awne Angello the convoye y^eof. Zet in my opinion yf ze will carystie pres it ze may caus us tak the L. Darnleye, wth ways it will not be.

This extract has been printed in a review of the Calendars of State Papers relating to Scotland, in the *Athenæum* (No. 1604, p. 104): Lord Robert Dudley seems, however, at a much later period to have been on terms of familiarity with Mary, Queen of Scots. Randolphe, in a letter to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton of the 31 March, 1565, says :

Ladye the Dukes G. and my L. of L. were playng at tables, the Q. beholdinge of them, and my L. Rob. beinge verye hotte and sweteing tooke the Q. napken owte of her hande and wyped hys face, wth the Duke seinge said that he was to sawcie and swore y^e he wold laye his nacket upon his face. Here upon rose a great trouble and the Q. offended sore wth the Duke.

And repeats the following scandal of Elizabeth and Mary :

My L. Rothwell said when he was in F. that bothe the Q. Q. could not mayke one honeste woman and for his owne yf she had taken anye but a Lord yt had byne better to be borne wth.

But let us pass on to the next letter. The Earl of Lennox, a member of the House of Stuart, had been banished from Scotland for having embraced the cause of Henry VIII. He took refuge in England, where he married Lady Margaret Douglas, the daughter of the Earl of Angus and of Margaret Tudor, the widow of James IV. Lord Henry Darnley, the issue of this marriage, was therefore closely connected with the thrones of England and Scotland, and was at this period nineteen years of age. On the 28th of September, Mary wrote to Elizabeth that she perceived by her letter how entirely she tendered the causes of the Earl of Lennox and his wife, and that she would restore them to their privileges, liberties, and old titles. Two days after the Earl himself writes, and informs Cecil of his gracious reception by the Queen of Scots.

The following extract of a letter from Randolphe gives an interesting picture of the hospitality and magnificence of the Earl of Lennox; he speaks of the Earl's presents to the Queen of Scots and to her maids of honour; and alludes to a report that

Lord Darnley with his mother were soon expected. Elizabeth appears to have been annoyed that Randolphe's propositions concerning Mary's marriage with Dudley should not have been kept secret, as also because the Queen of Scots had shown great favour to Lennox. Mary reasons fully and ably, justifying her part in these proceedings :

Thomas Randolphe to Sec. Sir William Cecil. [Extract.]

Edinburgh, 24 October, 1564.

I dynd that daye wth my L. of Lenox beinge by hym required in the morninge. I founde nothyng lesse for the beautifeng and furnitur of hys lodgings then before yor h. hatte herde by reporte. The howse well hanged, two chambers verie well furnysched, one speciall ryche and fayer beds whear hys L. lyethe hym self, and a passage made thorowe the wall to come the nexte waye into the Courte when he wyll. I see hym honorably used of all men, and that the Q. self hatte good lykynge of hys behaviour. Ther dynd wth hym the Earle of Athall, in whome he reposithe singular truste, and are seildome asonder, sayinge when the Earle of Lenox is at the sermonde. Ther was also hys brother, the Byshope of Caines, a Protestant, and some tyme preachethe. His L. cheare is greate and hys howseholde maynye, though he have despatched dyvers of his trayne awaye. He fyndethe occasions to dysburse monye verie faste, and of hys 7. C.^l [£700] he brought wth hym I am sure that myche is not left. Yf he tarrise longe Lenox perchance may be to hym a dere purchase. He gave the Q. a marvelous fayer and riche juell, whear of ther is made no small accompte. He presented also eache of the Maries wth such prettie thynge as he thoughte fytteste for them. Such good meanes he hatte to wyne ther hartes, and to mayke hys waye to farther effeete. The brute is here that my Ladie her self and my L. Darlie are comynge after, in so nyche that some have asked me and yf she were upon the waye; thys I fynde that ther is here marvelous good lykynge of the yonge Lorde, and maynye that desyer to have hym here.

Wordes was broughte me after dynner that the Q. did tarrise my comynge. Ther wente wth me to the Courte the Earle of Lenox. I founde wth the Q., in her utter chamber, the moste of her nobles that were in the towne. The Q. Ma^{ty} commendations and lres were shankefullye received. Her G. hardie me a longe tyme and wth good patience what I had to saye, never interruptinge me in anye thyng that I sayde, though I perceived well inoughe that some thynges ther were that dyscontented her in my speache to her G. And havynge so myche saide as I founde fete for that tyme, her G. saythe unto me in thys sorte. I understand, saythe she, that ther hatte byne some great greet in the Q. my good syster's mynde, sine the tyme of yo^r departur hens, and I promes you that for my part I have byne as myche grieved as she, to see that we beinge good fryndes, anye occasion sholde chance whye we sholde not so contynue. And therefore I wolde that bothe o^r myndes were well knowne, and triall myghte be taken whear the fayle hatte byne. I am not habill, saythe she, to answer everie worde you have sayde, but I praye you let me aske you some questions. What occasion hatte my good syster to be angrie wth me, yf the secrecie of that matter propounde unto me by you of my marriage be dysclosed by her owne minestors, as yf I wolde name them I coude, and also have in wrytynge ther twike in the Frenche Courte at the swerynge of the peace. I wyll not saye (quoth she) whether yt were my L. of Hunsedone or anye of hys compaignie; but thys I assure you, John Baptista came over wth the novelles to me, wth I founde verie strayinge, and was lothe that anye of my private doynges wth my good syster sholde come to such a man's knowledge, whear I have my self kepte a secreta from maynye of my dere frendes ther. I shewed my self dyscontented inoughe wth hys comynge of anye suche message, as he knowethe hym self, and some here cane wyntes that sawe me more offended wth hym, and gladder to have hym despeched, then I have byne accustomed to anye of that contrie. And for the Frenche Emb. I praye you howe longe ys yt since I tolde yo^rself that he had gotte knowledge owte of France, that thys matter was knowne ther by the Frenche Emb. advertisement to the Q. Mother, whear of I frendlye shewede you the lre. And I praye you thynke not but yt in a matter that touchethe me so nere as that I cane and have abowte me that cane keepe consell as well as other. And therefore you do me wronge to charge me wth that, seinge the sawte proceedd from amonge yo^rselfes. Seinge her in thys matter somewhat erneste I wolde not move her at the fyrste to farre, but saide that thys was a matter

that mighte move suspicion, but the Q. my Mestres beinge resolved that nothyng proceedd from her G. of evile mynde comanded me rather to speake thys as a warninge that matters betwene them myghte secretlye be handelde in tyme to come, bycause of suche as are enemies to their good accordis, who havinge knowledge of suche doings as are betwene them, wolde by all meanes that theie cane travails that theie sholde take none effeete or come to passe. Well, saythe she, for my L. of Lenox home comynge, whye saye you to me that y^e Mestres for speciall care she had of me and myne estate gave her advise that yt were better he sholde not come then come, seinge that she her self was the fyrste suter and motimer for hym to me to be good unto hym wth I coude not be wth owte hys home comynge, to restore hym unto hys owne, and to agre hym wth the parties wth whome he was owte. And yf that were not he beynge of my bloods and name whye sholde I be so unkynde as to refuse hym to be restored to hys countrie, and to stonde unto hys trial whether he had righte or wronge. And yf that she dyd yt in respecte of anye persones here that are grieved wth hys home comynge, then is yo^r Mestres more to blame that favoereth them more then me. And what yo^r owne parte hatte byne here in I knowe not, but thys I cane assure you, had not my syster's erneste requeste byn I had not so easlye granted yt, and she shall see I truste that hys beinge here shall be no occasion of unkyndenes betwene us, for yf ther be so myche intended, as we looke for, ther muste be no suche strangenes nether betwene o^r selves nor the subjectes of ether realme. To thys I saide that the Q. my Mestres fyndynge so maynye in thys realme (as she harde by reporte) and so maynye wyse of her owne that mislykt yt, and feared that inconveniencis myghte issue, that beinge bothe of her self and good advise of other moved, she wrote as she dyd, and now fyndynge that her G. take the yt in suche sorte, and fyndynge matters fall owte other wyse then in the judgement of wysemen yt was lyke, she was gladd therof, and wished her rather acceptie yt as a frendlye part to admyne her of the worste thme to mayke her doynge in evile parte. That saythe she, I am willinge to do yf I knowe that yt was done rather in respecte of my self then anye other whoe were the sollicitors to her so to hynder my purpose, and a thyng that I had granted, wth myne honor I coude not revoke. But herof, saythe she, we have comende inoughe, and I fynde my self well satisfied. * * * Thys is the effeete of my negotiation wth her Ma^{ty} for that tyme.

The Sondaye ther was married a dawghter of Justice Clerke, 3 myles from Edenboure, whear the moste parte of the Lds were. After dynner thither wente the Q. and her 4 Maries to do honor to the bryde. She returned agayne that nyghte and supped wth my L. of Lenox, whear also I was, and supped at the same table. In the myddes of her supper, she dranke to the Queens Ma^{ty} my Sovereigne, addinge thys worde, *De bon cuer*. That nyghte she danned longe, and in a maske playng at dyce losse unto my L. of Lenox a prettie juell of crystal well sette in golde.

Most humblye I sayke my leave. At Edenboure, the xxliii of October, 1564.

Yo^r h. at commandement,
most assuredly,

To the right honorable
Sir William Cecil, Knighte,
Principall Secretaris to
the Queens Ma^{ty}.

It will be remembered that the four Maries, the Maids of Honour, here alluded to, were Mary Livingstone, Mary Fleming, Mary Seton, and Mary Beaton. They were chosen by Mary Stuart's mother as playmates for her in her childhood, and were educated with her.

We see by the following letter that, at this period, the Queen of Scots was not averse to Elizabeth's wishes respecting her marriage, provided she earnestly meant what she pretended. A report seems to have been current of her affection for Lord Darnley, who with his Mother "are looked for."

Randolphe to Cecil. [Extract.]

Edinburgh, 31 October, 1564.

My deitie considered, yt may please yo^r h. to understonde, that since my last lres unto yo^r h. I have conferred twyse as good lengthe wth my L. Murray, and L. of Liddington, but hytherto we have resolved upon nothyng that for certayne I can wryte. Thus myche I do gather by circumstances, and by some wordes that have passed from their owne mouthes (were theie spoken

of purpose, or by chance, I know not), that thys Queene will not be harde to shewe her self conformable unto the Q. my Mestres wyl, so that she myghte be assured that what somer I had spoken in thys matter in my Sovereign's name, were as earnestly mente of her parte as yt is pretended. But lesse perchance yt myghte be thoughte that I myghte have spoken more than was given me in comaundement, I willed them to mayke rehersall of that I had said. Theffecte of that was onely thys,—that in case thys Q. wolde be contente to followe the Q. my Mestres advise and Counsell in her marriage, that she wyl therupon procede to the inquisition of her righte wth all favour; and yf yt be founde y^t yt fall owte in her behalf, then upon playne knowledge whom she will marrie, she will deale wth her as her naturall syster or daughter. Upon these wordes we agreede all. Thys theie thought so generall, and nothing to any effecte, seinge her righte (as theie saye) is sufficiently knowne; but, to have that declared and published myghte peradventure saye theie, move her farther then yet she cane fynde in her harte to consente unto. In thys poynte we accorded not, and for my nawne [mine own] parte, saide that I had greater cause to dowte what she wolde do yf that were done, then theie had cause to dowte of my Sovereigne in thys offer of hers. We accorded all in thys, that ther was nothinge fether then to have these two realmes joynted together by some such bande as were lyke coude not easlye be dyssolved. A metier man to do thys by, ther was not to be founde in the whole realme then he whome the Q. preferreth, and thus ther rested no more but a good wyl in thys Q. to imbrace the offer. I looked here that some thyng shoulde have bynde saide touchynge my L. Darlie, of whome ther was not one worde spoken, though he ys he through the mouthes of all men, that yt is a thyng concluded in this Q. harte, and that at lengthe I shall fynde yt true that the L. of Liddington is wholye bent that waye. That thys is not so I have mayne reasons to perswade me the contrarye, as well in the Q. self as the L. of Liddington. Bothe for the greates dyfference that is betwene the personages and also for the comodities wth in them bothe are not alike. I cane for all that assure y^r h. of nothyng. I fynde in men's doynges suche alterations, and their myndes so uncertayne, that I thynke hym wyeste that assurthe leste, and happiste that maye somete shyfte hys handes of anye such charge as is comyted to me to have to do wth suche men, in a matter of so greate waighte. Maynye tymes since my former trow I have tawikew wth thys Q. can so myche that mayne I wonder whear we gette matter to occupie the tyme. I mayke some beleve that woers and lovers never lacke langage. I fynde trewlye that she is myche inclined so thynke well of my Sovereigne, and as she saythe her self to please her and to contente her in all thynges reasonable, and in her marriage to followe more of her advise then anye other. And saythe she, in forsakynge of my frends' counsell and followinge of hers for good wyl and affection, yf I shoulde be abused or deceived, my follye were verie greates and myche dyshonour to my good syster. What makethe my brother and Liddington, so lothe to deale in these matters or to gyve me counsell I knowe not, excepte yt be for feare I shoulde be deceived, or that theie thynke yt shoulde not be honorable for me so to matche myself. These thynges, she saythe, move her to staye, and makethe her the longer to sayke resolution, yet wyl she nowayes offend, my Mestres, nor enter into suspition of her myndes to be other then good towards her, but honot her as her eldeste syster, and followe her counsell as her mother.

These saynges have byne maynye tymes rehersed unto me, I beleve to that ende I shoulde the better carrie them a waye, and put them in wrytynge. Yo^r h. may judge of the sequelle how trewlye thys is mente, wth yf yt be I shall lesse dowte then yet I have but that thys matter maye be broughte to some good ende.

Thys also maylykethe me nothinge that willinglye I thoughte she herethe nows marriage, and of the partie self is contente to here as myche as I am habie to saye, knowinge that to be trewe by the reporte that I have affirmed unto her myself.

Yesterday I shewed her Grace the Q. Ma^{tie} I re whearin emmission is granted to my L. of Bedforde and me to confer wth suche of her G. as she wyl appoynte. I have yet gotte no answer what she will do herin, and excepte I do see some lykelyhoode that the matter wyl sayke effecte that I intreate of, as I was advised by the Q. Ma^{tie} my Sov^{er}, I purpose not greatlye to sollicite anye man's goynge thither, but rather advertise from hence from tyme to tyme as I fynde thynges fawle owte. Though in my judgemente I fynde them willinge inoughe that thys matter shoulde sayke effecte, yet do theie mayke the matter as strayne

as cane be, cose (as I beleve) wth what earnestnes I wyl presse them, that theie maye gether therby what is my Mestres affection to have yt sayke place, I gyve them warynges that theie be not deceived that waye, for that the comoditie that hangethe here upon is more theirs then owers. Thys is all that presentlye I cane wryte touchynge thys matter.

My Ladie Margaret and L. Darlye are loked for, as I wrote in my laste lres. I dowte whether she wilbe as some restored unto the Earldome of Anguise as her howsbonde was to Lenox, for y^t ther dependethe more matter therupon, wth yf yt be proved trewe dysappoynte her farther then anye thyng she lookethe for here.

And so moste humblye sayke my leave. At Edenboure, the laste of October, 1564.

Yo^r h. bounden always to comande,

THO. RANDOLPHE.

The Prince of Condé, who was chiefly supported by her uncle, also became a suitor for Mary's hand. Randolphe hastens to inform Lord Dudley, now Earl of Leicester, of the report:

Randolphe to the Earl of Leicester.

Edinburgh, 7 November, 1564.

I wrote so ladiely unto yo^r L. that I knowe not what farther to wryte. By yo^r Secretarie yo^r L. shall knowe what newes the laste courier, Mons^{ieur} Beton, broughte owte of France.

The Prince of Condé is become here a suter, supported cheifly by the cardinall her uncle. Yf John Steward come over, as y^e reported, I beleve y^e St Nicolas Throkemorton is beste habie to deale wth him, and here I dowte not but to knowe my parte yf anye suche thyng be intended. I have more boldlye then myselfe taken upon me to wryte unto the Q. Ma^{tie}. Yo^r L. favorable reporte muste supporte my wantes, as ever yo^r L. hath byne my defence. The 18th of thys present I wolde y^e you were at Barwicke to saye some what for yo^r self, for then I assure some what wybe sayde of you that for yo^r L. maye tende to lytle good. Howe happye is yo^r lyf that betwene these two Quene are tossed to and fro. Yo^r L. lucke is evle and yf you lyght not in some of their lappes that love so well to playe. It is here by thys laste come man openlye reported that yo^r L. is made Knight of the noble numbe^r of *guyse* vint. Knight of St. Michell. Yf seerveth not a lytle my tyme here yf that be trewe to here that forayne Princees are contente to take you into their societie. Howe myche maye yo^r L. thinke yo^r selfe happye thus well in all places to be thus thought of. Myche more then this hangethe over yo^r head when Godwyl that ever yt sayke effecte. Yo^r L. at thys tyme lookethe not for no longe lre, and therefore moste humblye I sayke my leave. At Edenboure the VIIth of November, 1564.

Yo^r honorable L. bounder at comande,

THO. RANDOLPHE.

To the righte honorable my verie [good Lord] the Earle of Leicester, M^{ty} of [the Queen's Ma^{tie}] horses and one of [her hon^{our}] privie counsell.

Our next will contain further papers respecting the marriage of Mary Stuart.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir, I had long been promised by Uncle Timothy some personal recollections of his friend Charles Lamb. It was he who first introduced me to that original and eccentric genius. To remind a man of his promise naturally implies forgetfulness on his part, and as

"wits have short memories, and dunces none," I found it a delicate task to jog Uncle Timothy's. Following the fashion of the olden time, I had for many years waited upon him with a birthday gift, I therefore determined on the present anniversary to watch a favourable opportunity of introducing the subject, and leave the rest to the chapter of accidents. Having the *entrée* of his study, I entered that sanctum unceremoniously. "Bah!" said he, "little flatterers, what frightens you away?" And sure enough a numerous flight of birds suddenly took wing from his threshold, and perched upon the neighbouring boughs. After paying him my congratulations, and presenting my offering, I inquired the meaning of this aerial

phenomenon. "Receive," said he, with a gracious smile, "my best thanks for this kind token of remembrance, and let this (handing me a paper from his writing desk) answer your question, while I walk down the garden and whistle back the wanderers." I took the manuscript, and read as follows:—

In my quiet garden-room
Where I pass my pensive hours,
And enjoy the sweet perfume
Wafted by my fragrant flow'rs,
Pensioners from every spray
Me their morning visits pay.
Timidly aloof they stand;
Till grown tamer, they at last,
Perching upon my open'd hand,
Partake, with songs, of my repast—
Till then I learn from every bough
How cheap, O Happiness! art thou.
And as this feast (too young to fly)
Their unfed'd nestlings cannot share,
They to their leafy homes on high
A little part-rejoicing bear.
Then this parental duty done,
Again they soaring seek the sun.
When winter chills the parting year,
And falls the snow, and rours the wind,
My truant daily disappear;
The Robin only stays behind,
And does his best to make amends,
Till spring returns, for absent friends.
Will they return with spring? How few!
By driving storm, and leafless tree,
By bitter frost, and damp night-dew,
Full many a voice all silent be.
And he who spends their feast to-day
May too, ere Spring, have pass'd away.

A nosegay of very choice flowers was the return that Uncle Timothy mademe for my present when he re-entered his "quiet garden-room." "I owe you, sir," said I, "an apology for my untoward intrusion."—"And I, too, owe you a promise that your opportune presence here this morning reminds me of." Yes, it was from the compassionate *Elia* that I learnt the lesson of love in which you have just surprised me. The day is appropriate, and the hour propitious. See! every bough is alive with feathered choristers, and, hark! to our sayings will be set to music by their songs! Then with a clear voice, and a buoyancy of spirit worthy of his best days, he read from his Common-place Book:

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb had too long been content to breathe the unsavoury air of that unsightly region, Little Russell Street, on account of its vicinity to the theatres, and its central position as a ready rendezvous for his friends. After winding up a narrow and ricketty pair of stairs (not unlike the "elegant ladder" that led to the lofty family crib of George Colman's Irish cow-doctor, Mr. Looney Macwoulter), a visitor on entering a middle-sized room would dimly discover through the dense clouds of tobacco-smoke that were making their murky way up the chimney and through the key-holes, a noble head, worthy of Medusa, on which were thinly scattered white hairs (those blossoms of the grave!), and an expressive, thoughtful set of features, inclining to the Hebrew cast, mounted on a frame so fragile that the winds of heaven might be well excused if they visited it not too roughly. This was mine host. Around him at that witching time when "churchyards yawn," and sobriety in its soft bed is past yawning a band of brother smokers and jokers, to whom the midnight chimes were more familiar music than the lark's, kept it up merrily. The locality generally induced the subject; hence the drama, from *Gummer Gorton's Needle* down (a painful descent) to the last droll that had received its critical "Goose" (minus the apple-sauce) was the topic of discussion. Hazlitt (a pale-faced, spare man, with sharp features and piercing eyes) would, after his ingenious and fanciful fashion, anatomise the character of *Hamlet*, and find in it certain points of resemblance to mankind in general; while Coleridge would as earnestly contend that *Hamlet* was an unique and a wonderful conception, totally unlike any other that had ever entered into the poetical heart of brain, adding, that Shakespeare might have borrowed from his own idiosyncrasy some of the more delicate and spiritual lights and shades.

And the metaphysical subtlety and superior word-painting of Coleridge generally brought him off conqueror. Those who have heard Lamb descant upon, and seen John Kemble act *Lea* have, in truth, a just conception of the sublime. What *Elia* has written upon the heartbroken, dis-crowned old King, may not compare, for grandeur and intensity, with what he has spoken. The fiery flood of extemporaneous eloquence that he poured forth touching *Lea's* madness, and its cause; the flashing of his dark, melancholy eye; the quivering of his fine poetical lips:

"A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,
With forms to his conceits;"

bespoke a too mournful sympathy with that most terrible of human calamities, which induced those who were acquainted with his sad history to divert him from a subject so personally exciting, and to lead him into flowery paths where fancies

"Hop in our walks, and gambol in our eyes,
And nod to us, and do us courtesies;"

paths in which he ever delighted to wander. . . .

Nor were their endeavours unsuccessful. He turned from tragedy to comedy with equal facility and grace. When the discussion grew tiresome, and some unbidden Corypheus of common-place was monotonously mouthing, he would, portentously pompous, play (as he called it) the "matter-of-fie man," and interpose some absurd and transparent solecism, to the delight of Talfourd (the then pet of the bar for his amiability and frolicsome humour), who seconded his friend's facetious andacity with the raciest relish; while Hood, who (as Lamb said) carried two faces under his nose, a tragic one and a comic, gave, with a well-picked and pointed pun, commonplace its quietus. A plentiful hot supper (pork chops!) would follow; after which the goblets were re-filled, the pipes re-fused, and the entertaining talk was resumed for another pleasant hour or two. The company then took their leave, bidding each other "good night," while labour, returning to its daily toil, was grumbling "good morning." Upon these occasions I was mostly a silent spectator, having much to learn, and little to impart. But I saw with sorrow that this mode of life was doing its sure work of destruction on the mind and body of my friend. It was therefore with sincere satisfaction that I received from his own lips the unexpected and thrice-welcome intelligence that he was removing to a cottage at Islington, where certain intrusive idlers were not likely to follow him, but where his chosen friends would always find him at home. In this congenial and quiet retreat he was soon comfortably settled. The New River flowed in its front, and a pretty garden in full bearing and bloom flourished in its rear. He now took to the culture of flowers, particularly the rose, from its poetical association with Carew's exquisite song—

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,"
his trees supplied him liberally with fruit, which he as liberally distributed among his juvenile visitors. If the fishes of the New River knew him not (cockney *Piscators* with their penny rods had frightened even the minnows away!), the birds of the air did; for they congregated upon his green grass-plot, perched upon his window-sills, nestled in the eaves of his house-top, responded to his whistle, pecked up with sharpened beaks his plum-cake, and serenaded him morning and evening with their sweet songs. It became one of his amusements to watch their motions. "Commend me," he said, "to the sparrows for that our friend Mathews calls in his 'At Home,' irregular appropriation." I remember seeing a precocious Newgate-bird snatch from the musk-mouth of a plethoric prentice-boy a hissing hot slice of plum-pudding, to the diversion of the bystanders, who could not but laugh heartily at the urchin's mendacious dexterity. But his sleight-of-hand feat is nothing to the celebrity with which these feathered freebooters will make a tit-bit exchange beak. Seeing his growing fondness for birds, I offered him a beautiful bullfinch ensconced in a handsome cage. But he declined the present. "Every song that it sang from its wiry prison," said he, "I could never

flatter myself was meant for my ear; but rather a wistful note to the passing travellers of air 'that it were with them too!' This would make me self-reproachful and sad. Yet I should be loth to let the little captive fly, lest, being unused to liberty, it should flutter itself to death, or starve."

And with what complacency he boasted that, for the first time in his life, he was the absolute lord and master of a whole house!—of an undisturbed and a well-conducted home! I helped him to arrange his small, but judiciously-selected library (his darling folios, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Company!); to hang in the best light his speaking portraits of the poets in old-fashioned ebony frames; and to adorn his mantle-pieces with shepherds and shepherdesses in beautiful Chelsea china, which, like their owner, looked gayer and fresher for the change! He lived abstemiously, retired to rest at a reasonable hour, and rose early. He took long walks in the (then!) neighbouring fields, and seldom returned without a noticeable nosegay of wild flowers. He lamented the rapid encroachments of "horrid bricks and mortar" upon the greensward, and it was during one of our many rural rambles together that he extemporised in prose, what I thus to his cordially expressed contentment) turned and twisted into rhyme:

"Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Cut your rambles rather shorter,
Give green fields a little quarter.
You, in your suburban saloons,
Turn our pleasant fields and valleys
Into squalid courts and alleys.
All along our rural passes
Where tripping village lads and lassies
Not a single blade of grass is!
Where I saw the daisies springing,
Where I heard the blackbird singing,
And the lark, while heaven-wind winging,
I beheld a rookery frightful
Which with tatters (tenants) rightful!
Beggary fills from morn to night full!
And beside their neighbour wizen
For rogues I see a palace risen,
And for poverty a prison!
Bricks and mortar! bricks and mortar!
Give green fields a little quarter:
As sworn foes to nature's beauty
You've already done your duty!"

He took much interest in the antiquities of "Merrie Islington," "Queen Elizabeth's Walk" became his favourite promenade in summer time, for its historical associations, its seclusion, and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of old Canonbury Tower, and sit silently contemplating the "spangled heavens," (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the Beautiful!) until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was intimate with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the antique panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his "Traveller," and supped frugally on butter-milk, and in pointing to a small portrait of Shakespeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at longingly, and which has since become mine. He was never weary of tolling up and down the winding and narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its quaint corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clue to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostelries were also visited, and he smoked his pipe, and quaffed his nut-brown ale at the Old Queen's Head from the festive tankard presented by one Master Cranch (a choice spirit!) to a former host, and in the Old Oak Parlour too where, according to tradition, the gallant Raleigh received "full souze" in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown who, seeing clouds of tobacco smoke curling from the Knight's nose and mouth, thought he was all on fire! Though now, as he called himself, "a country gentleman," he occasionally shared in the amusements of the town, he had formerly been a great sight-seer, and the ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum. "One who patronises, as I do, Bartlemy Fair," said he, "must needs have an inkling for my Lord Mayor's Show. They both possess the charm of antiquity." Profanely speaking, I fear

he rather affected the Smithfield Saturnalia; not that he loved the men in armour, the gingerbread gilt City coach, the broad banners and broad sacs of London's corporation less, but that he loved dwarfs, giants, penny trumpets, and broad-fun more, to say nothing of those unique attractions, the fried sausages and the little sweeps! He had a quick ear and a quick step for Punch and Judy, preluded by the eternal Pandean pipe and drum; and it was not until Punch had perpetrated all his traditional atrocities, and was left crowing and cackinating solus on the scene, that he was to be coerced or coaxed away. Many a penny he has paid for a peep into a puppet-show; and after his final retirement to Edmonton he visited its fair, and renewed old acquaintanceship with "the clowns and conjurors."

This happy change of life and scene produced the most salutary effects upon his constitution and mind. Those distressing day and night dreams, in which he saw

"More devils than vast hell can hold," no longer haunted him, and he lost much of that nervous irritability and restlessness that at one time threatened to become a permanent disease. As our friendship increased, our discourse grew more confidential and personal; and I learnt, to my deep gratification, not to say surprise (for in the wild sallies of his innocent mirth he had said and done many things that were hardly consistent with the world's superficial sobriety), that a large amount of intellectual piety added another charm to his amiable character. I say intellectual piety; because much of the controversy has been lavished on its obvious meaning; as if piety were only for the unlearned; and were not the result both of reason and revelation. He pronounced the Liturgy of the Church of England the most devout, comprehensive, and glorious of heavenly inspirations, and sacred music (particularly the Evening Hymn, which he had lisped in childhood) melted him to tears. He never used the HOLY NAME idly. He had no sanctimonious superfluous "God-willings." The divine permission was with him a well understood proviso in every engagement and promise that he made.

He was singularly charitable in judging of others, and often repeated, "Let not my weak, unknowing hand," &c., from Pope's beautiful prayer. He scorned the economical caution (so common with penny-wise philanthropy) that shuts the heart and hand indiscriminately against the street-beggar. "It is an accepted maxim," he would say, "that twenty rogues had better escape punishment, rather than that one innocent man should suffer. I therefore hold that to be duped by a dozen impostors out of a few paltry pence is not half so bad as denying one really deserving supplicant." He never refused grey hairs, the halt, or the blind, and he pointed to a fine engraving of Belshazzar that adorned his dining-room as his excuse.

Spring and autumn were his favourite months. The one brought with it renewed verdure, hope, and joy; the other, with its falling leaves, fading flowers, and hollow whistling winds, suited his constitutional melancholy. It was in autumn, alas! that he passed away from us. Here, for the present, I pause. Let us, my friend, forget his frailties, which were venial and few, and remember only his virtues, which were bright and many, and which we shall do well to emulate. His genius is far above our reach.

I now accompanied Uncle Timothy in some pleasant turns round his trim flower-garden; after which we retired to his beautiful library, where we spent the day in social converse, in harmony, and in peace. "How sublime," said he, "is the idea" (pointing to the sun that was setting upon what seemed a pillow of ruby and amethyst, fringed with burnished gold), "that yon glorious orb is the gate of heaven where the best spirits of dear departed friends are waiting to welcome us!" In this high and happy mood I left him to enjoy that

"Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind;
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd."

GEORGE DANIEL.

Canonbury, 20th Nov., 1893.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 1st December.

THE importance of M. de Montalembert's trial last week forced me to neglect the lighter and more literary subjects of my usual letters. I perceive two words coupled together in the phrase just written, however, that I cannot allow to pass without explanation. I will not allow your readers for an instant to suppose that I look upon literature as an unimportant subject, or one that can in any possible form come under the denomination of "light." No; the history of any country's literature is the history of that country's mind, and this is far more the case in France than anywhere (for which very reason the present literature here is so very alarming a circumstance); but there are conditions under which an event, an incident, may momentarily be more important than the chronicle of what occurs in the realm of thought. Such has been the case with the Montalembert affair. Nothing could surpass it in gravity, for it marked to what a degree of servilism this country had sunk, and more than perhaps any recent occurrence served to prove what M. Guizot so aptly said not long ago: that in "Imperial France there was far more servility even than despotism." The trial is over now, however; the condemnation has been pronounced, and in the face of the universal outburst of indignation in every country in which expression is free, I should not be surprised if some act of the Emperor's intervened to place Montalembert in a more awkward position than any imprisonment could do. That is to be seen, and is as yet matter for speculation. Let us now see what has been going on in the intellectual world.

I told you some time since what hard work the Emperor and Empress had to go through in their abortive attempts at patronising the Arts. When they are at any of their country residences their official necessities cease, and at Compiegne, Fontainebleau, or any other *château*, they can to their heart's content amuse themselves with the sort of representations that are best to their tastes. Accordingly the Paris public was not a little astonished, and certainly rather scandalised, to see that the company of the Gymnase was to go down to Compiegne, and there to represent *Les Trois Maupin*. Of this extravagant piece I have as yet never spoken to you, because it is one of those which what we call "decent people," and what the French style *les honnêtes gens*, leave aside contemptuously, and do not stain their pens with. It is a piece on which one of the very rising young critics of this country, Xavier Aubreyt, printed the following phrase, to the applause of the really "reading" and artistic public: "We will try to spare M. Scribe, and not allude to his style, which aspires to endow our language with *kitchen French* as the Latin tongue is endowed with *kitchen-Latin*—but we must speak of the question of decorum. People in 'good society' will cry out at the general tone of *Les Trois Maupin*. We will purposely not accuse M. Scribe of indecency, because we might ourselves thus incur the reproach of prudery; but we will openly say that he permits himself a licence of expression that is inconceivable, and no one would believe the enormities that he ventures to put into the mouths of his personages." So far, so good! It was very soon known that respectable persons could not go to see *Les Trois Maupin*, yet *Les Trois Maupin* were to be played at Compiegne. On receiving this intimation, M. D——, the gentleman whom these kind of arrangements concern, went straight to the minister, M. Fould, and told him it was his duty to declare the impossibility of having *Les Trois Maupin* played at Court. "I have seen the play," said he, "and no lady can sit out a representation of it—it is too flagrantly improper in every way." Upon this M. Fould, to whom all imaginable improprieties are a matter of perfect indifference, agrees that a telegraphic despatch be sent to Compiegne to state that some other comedy must be substituted for *Les Trois Maupin*. The despatch is composed, signed by M. Fould, and sent on upon its way. An hour or two after the answer comes, saying that "Her Majesty the Empress

was so bent upon seeing *Les Trois Maupin*, that as it was for the day of her *fête* (the St. Eugénie) nothing could of course be refused to her," and therefore *Les Trois Maupin* were maintained upon the list and performed!

Now remark what all this comes from. Not from any impropriety on the part of the Empress, for assuredly not a better woman lives, or one who has won a fairer renown for good, upright, proper conduct. No; it comes from the following causes: 1st. The absence of the French element at Court; the Empress is a Spaniard, and it would be hard to say what is her spouse,—a mixture may be of Italian and Dutchman. 2ndly. The unfathomably deep ignorance of everything in the shape of literature. 3rdly. The equally great ignorance of whatsoever shocks the feelings and prejudices of the better and higher class of French Society. 4thly. A very strongly, naturally bad taste, which leads to the preference of the most frivolous and least proper productions of literary or dramatic art to those that are marked by real superiority—to the preference (as I once observed to you) of the drinking song in *Les Filles de Marbre* to the music of *Guillaume Tell* or the *Huguenots*; and lastly, to the utter absence of any individual of any note in the intellectual world who could guide or counsel the Sovereigns of France, and persuade them to set a respectable example to the country, instead of flying at every instance in the face of all its most ineradicable notions in the way of literature and the arts. But I do suppose no Court (whether a genuine or a sham one) was ever so completely at variance with the nation upon these points, which in France are by no means unimportant ones.

One very rainy day, when the poor Empress Eugénie (who is to be pitied because her *ennui* is perpetual, as is that of every created being who is incapable of occupying him or herself, and is always craving amusement),—one day the Empress Eugénie being passing dull, bethought her of sending for M. J. S. to divert her and her ladies. Now, a less "diverting" personage cannot well be conceived than this heavy novel writer, whose sole agreeability lies in his pen. Putting on her sweetest smile, the Empress graciously asked M. J. S. to sit down and "tell her a story." The much honoured man looked rather more confused than charmed. However, the request was repeated, and the Empress, assuming the part of the Sultan in the Arabian Tales, again begged for "one of those stories the clever narrator told so well!" I verily believe that Scheherazade, who told stories to save her life, did not feel in a more disagreeable position than did poor M. J. S., for not only was he to "tell a story," but a "ghost story," *par-dessus le marché*. What he told these fair dames I know not, but he ended by telling them something, I presume, for they were satisfied enough thereto to repeat the infliction, and next day, both M. J. S. and M. O. F. were "bidden" to the Empress's presence, and requested then and there to manufacture a "*charade en action*," which with the greatest possible trouble they ended by doing.

I will only request you to compare this style of thing with the really royal and (for both parties) honourable juxtaposition of Louis XIV., and the illustrious men of his times. To be just, I must admit that the old Emperor Napoleon I. must have shuddered in his tomb at the scene I have related, for he did, with all his crimes—he did know how to honour intellectual merit; he really respected both letters and the arts; he would, had he lived now, have found means to bring around him other men than such as those I have named, and, when he had got them, would have known how to talk with them, instead of asking them to tell him ghost stories and compose charades!

M. Octave Feuillet has just had played at the Vaudeville his new piece called *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, and it has not, I think, all the success that was expected. It is the merely simple adaptation to the stage of his novel, with the same title. This is, *a priori*, a defect, and so the whole of the critical press (which is friendly to him) has plainly told him. What is good in a tale, is for that reason mis-

placed in a drama, and *vice versa*. There are some pretty scenes in M. Feuillet's play; but, on the whole, with an abortive attempt at melodramatic emotion, it only leaves the author where he was before, *i.e.*, in the universally recognised position of the Dubuffe, or Winterhalter, of literature. A much more interesting exhibition has been the performance at the Italiens of Mercadante's opera, the *Giuramento*. I cannot describe to you, after all the noise and bustle of Verdi, how this beautiful music came out, and has little by little forced even such a half-and-half public as that of the Italian Opera here, to feel that it was beautiful. It is a great pity that Madame Penco cannot *vocalise*, to use the technical term; her voice is really a very fine one, and she is full of the dramatic ardour that is required for such a part as that of *Eloisa*. I repeat what I said some short time ago in one of my letters; the lyrical stage has no finer duet than that between the soprano and tenor of the *Giuramento*. Graziani, the tenor, sang his part with respectable inferiority, and *Lu Penco*, who here had no *fortitura* to embarrass her, was very near to being magnificent. Every note told, and every note was full of *intention*. Her lovely duet, too, with Albani, was perfectly given by both! The singing of Albani in the *Giuramento* made me quite sad, for it serves to show how mad and how murderous a thing it is to drag, no matter how fine and how robust, a voice beyond its natural limits. *Mdme. Albani* is, was, and ought always to have remained a *mezzo contralto*, that is, a contralto with the faculty of emitting chest notes from the head lower down than the *contralto* proper, and of adding higher notes occasionally than belong to the pure *contralto* register. She has worried herself into becoming a *mezzo soprano*, and the consequence is, that whenever she attempts, for instance, the *Acceca* of the *Troatore*, or (worse than all) the *Prophète*, she sings false, that is, she is a full quarter of a tone too low, and she is no more a *mezzo soprano* than she was before; whereas, hear her in such parts as *Bianca* in the *Giuramento*, and she is what she always should have been. Last Saturday she gave an *à flat* (on the second space) in *voce di petto* as purely as she could have done the most exclusive *contralto*, and higher than which no pure *contralto* even need ever go.

This question of the proper *pose de la voix* is such a vital one, if vocal music is to go on being cultivated in Europe, that one of these days I shall be tempted to send you a special letter upon something that has just taken place here with regard to the teaching at the Conservatoire.

Paris, Wednesday.

More duels amongst literary men! Yesterday morning the principal editor of the *Figaro*, M. Villemessant (who, *par parenthèse*, has been engaged in about as many duels as a Galway squire of the last century) and M. Naquet, a writer in minor journals, fought a duel with swords, and each wounded the other: and at the same time, and, if I mistake not, on the same spot, M. Lucas, one of the contributors to the *Figaro*, and M. Plunkett, one of the managers of the Palais Royal Theatre, also fought with swords, and also wounded each other. These duels arose out of the stupid and disgusting system of personalities in which the smaller journals and periodicals in this city indulge, and in which the *Figaro* is a wholesale dealer. These personalities, in my humble opinion, are the pest of French literature—or, if it be wrong to assume them to form part of literature, I will say of the literary calling. When they consist, as in the majority of cases they do, of a Gallic Smith saying unguarded things of a Gallic Tomkins, and of Tomkins responding with puffs on Smith, they excite the derision of the public; and when they consist of attacks of Tomkins on Smith, and Smith on Tomkins, they excite not less disgust; and, besides, place the two adversaries, in accordance with the notions which prevail in literary and theatrical circles, under the necessity of shedding each other's blood—or at least of going out early some morning with fire-arms or swords on the pretext of doing so.

Some time ago, duels between small scribblers were so frequent that there was a talk amongst some of the heads of the literary profession of taking energetic measures for making them rarer; but nothing was done. The double duel of yesterday will, perhaps, satisfy these gentlemen that their inaction was much to be regretted.

A great literary scandal has occurred at Nice, and from Nice has extended here. The Princesse Marie de Solms, half-authoress, half-artist, and who, if I mistake not, is a connection of the Buonaparte family, some time ago published several private letters of Eugene Sue, with whom she had long been very intimate; and one of them expressed the opinion, that the works of the well-known Alphonse Karr are "neither good nor well written." Karr, forgetful that it rarely happens that one literary man in his soul and conscience thinks well of the works of another, especially when they are of the same class as his own,—forgetful that in his "Wasps" and other writings he has never hesitated to say bitter things of his literary colleagues or of other people, and forgetful of the consideration due to a female, even when she gives offence,—attacked in one of his recent publications his fair adversary, in a style which can hardly be regarded as consistent with gentlemanly feeling, calling her, for example, "old," and "ugly," and "scraggy," and I know not what besides—insinuating that she is very eccentric and perhaps something more—and accusing her of having forged the letter which she ascribed to Sue. Irritated at this cruel onslaught, the lady, in a long epistle to one of the Paris journals, defends with all a woman's vehemence her youth and charms, sneers at Karr as a rejected lover, makes pleasant with his literary vanity, charges him with falsehood, makes some vague but offensive allusion to his household arrangements, and says that he only attacks a woman because he knows that she cannot call him to account. To this lucubration, Karr will no doubt return a reply. M^{me}. Solms will no doubt retort; her answer will call forth a rejoinder from Karr; Karr's rejoinder, a response from her! And they will continue to pelt each other with letters until the public will be bored to death. But is not, I ask, the manner in which they write of each other discreditably to both? And is it not calculated to lessen the fair fame of the literary vocation?

The *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, of which some mention was made in my last, is, it appears, likely to give what penny-a-liners call "occupation to gentlemen of the long robe." In spite of its general impartiality, some persons—and amongst them, it is said, the well-known Garnier de Cassagnac, and the fierce defender of the church, Veuillot—object to the appreciations which are given of their talent, works, or character; others are aggrieved that their pretensions to aristocracy have been ignored by the omission of the prefix *de* to their names; and some who have played a part on the political stage are indignant at having it recorded that in the time of Louis Philippe they were great Philippists, in that of the republic great republicans, and that they are now great Bonapartists—though the facts are so. And whilst many purchasers complain that the *Dictionnaire* contains names of persons so very insignificant that they had better have been omitted—a whole host of small authors, small artists, small journalists, and small politicians, are indignant that they have been altogether overlooked in it. But in spite of the actions with which it is threatened, and the grumbling it occasions, the *Dictionnaire*, on account of its manifest utility to all who have occasion to write of, or read about, or talk news, is obtaining a great success. I repeat what was said in my last letter, that an imitation of it in English is highly desirable; and I add that some enterprising publisher could hardly fail to find one highly popular.

[We may as well add that the English biographies appear to be taken, on trust, from a very careless and quackish English book.—Ed. L. G.] Last Sunday will long be remembered by the English residents in this city. Every London newspaper, daily and weekly, was confiscated by

the authorities for having presumed to give accounts of, and make comments on, the Montalembert trial; and the consequence was that the poor English had no papers to read. "No papers!" When, as sometimes happens in continental climes, that dread exclamation strikes his ear, the Englishman's heart always sinks within him, for "the paper" is as necessary to his enjoyment of life as his dinner; but when there are "no papers" on the day on which they are known to be filled with records of an event of vast general importance, he is vicious, sulky, enraged, savage. The absence of the English journals on Sunday was the more exasperating from the fact that none of the French journals dare publish anything more of the famous trial, about which everybody was talking, than the text of the judgment. In saying that the English papers were confiscated, it may be interesting to some of your readers to be told how the thing is done. Let them know, then, that the despotic government of this country being almost as much terrified at an attack from a foreign newspaper as it is at one in a French journal, keeps at a vast expense, an office called the "Bureau de la Presse," to which are attached men who are acquainted with foreign languages; that on the arrival of the foreign mails in the morning, these men carefully examine every article in the different newspapers; that they call the attention of their superiors to all such as are relative to French affairs; and that if the said superiors think the said articles in any way offensive or dangerous, every copy of the newspaper is seized and confiscated. In English eyes this is not only dreadful tyranny, but, seeing that the papers are the lawful property of the people to whom they are addressed, downright robbery.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 6.—*Royal Academy of Arts*, 8 P.M. Lecture on Anatomy by Mr. Partridge.

TUESDAY, Dec. 7.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 2 P.M. Mr. Christmas on "The Accession of Henry VII.—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8 P.M. Mr. M. Scott, M.Inst.C.E. "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, &c."

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 4.30 P.M. Ordinary Meeting.—*Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. Mr. P. A. Halkett on "Guideway Agriculture; being a system enabling all the operations of the Farm to be performed by Steam Power."—*Architectural Museum, South Kensington*, 8 P.M. Mr. A. J. B. Hope, M.P., on "The Common Sense of Art."—*British Archaeological Association*, 8.30 P.M. Mr. Bakenon on "Excavations made at Gib Hill Tumulus." Rev. E. Kell on "The Priory of St. Dionysius." Mr. Lambert on "The Tonalie." Mr. Syer Cuming on the "Sheaths of Girdle Knives."

THURSDAY, Dec. 9.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 8.30 P.M. Professor G. V. Ellis on "Researches into the Nature of the Involuntary Muscular Fibre of the Urinary Bladder." Mr. J. Lubbock on "The Ova and Pseudova of Insects."

FRIDAY, Dec. 10.—*Guy's Hospital*, 8.30 P.M. Mr. Towne on "The External Organs of the Senses in connection with their Cerebral Structures," illustrated by models.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A crowded meeting of this society was held on Monday week at Burlington House, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair. The papers read were:—1. "Notes, Geographical and Commercial, on the Gulf of Pecheli and the Peiho River," by Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., F.R.G.S. Her Majesty's ship *Furious*. The first portion of the paper bore reference chiefly to the geographical and commercial aspects of the countries passed in the journey from Shanghai to the Gulf of Pecheli, Her Majesty's ship *Furious* having been one of the ships that accompanied Lord Elgin in his journey up the Great Canal to Tien-sien, where the late treaty was signed. The author dwells upon the rapid strides Shanghai has made during the last sixteen years, on its favourable position and climate, and its extensive import and export trade, amounting to nearly 27,000,000. Various causes have combined to force the old canal traffic between Northern and Southern China into a coasting trade,—such as the rebellion in the valley of the Yang-tse-Keang, the occupation of Tehing-Keang-foo, and to the change in the course of the Yellow River. After describing the shoals which run out from the Shantung coast, Captain Osborn

urges the necessity of an active nautical survey, which he considers ought not to be confined to British surveyors, and remarks that all the many millions worth of property carried to and fro on the coasts and on the rivers are indebted for safety to the charts of English officers. The second portion of the paper referred to the Gulf of Pecheli and the Peiho river. The author remarked upon the secure anchorage in the Min-tao Straits, affording a general rendezvous for the trading junks, and furnished a description of the anchorage off the Peiho River. The Peiho has its source in the highlands not far from Peking, and runs for the greater portion of its tortuous course through a level country, the velocity of its stream rather than the volume of its waters having scoured out a narrow bed in the stiff clay which forms the substratum of the plain Chi-le. This scouring force, however, becomes so weakened as it approaches the sea, owing to the low level of the shores allowing a constant overflow, that, instead of cutting a twelve feet channel straight out into the Gulf of Pecheli, the depth of the river suddenly decreases, and the river discharges itself over an area several miles in extent. The author notices particularly the altered course of the Yellow River, which empties itself in the gulf 200 miles north of its original mouth; and the mud banks that were forming there, threatening to block up the navigation of the river to Peking. The paper contained some observations upon the direction of the tides, the character of the country in ascending the Peiho, with a description of the towns, the customs of the inhabitants, and on various other subjects. Captain W. H. Hall, R.N., and Mr. Lockhart corroborated Captain Osborn's statements respecting Shanghai and the altered course of the Yellow River, which confirmed the account given by Mr. Lockhart in a paper he had read before the society last session, and which was printed in the "Proceedings" and copies sent out to Lord Elgin and other authorities on the China station. The second paper read was "On the Search of Leichhardt and the Australian Desert," by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, F.R.G.S. After some remarks from Sir Charles Nicholson, Captain Byron Drury, and Mr. Crawford, relative to the exploration of the interior of the Australian continent and the formation of a settlement in the Gulf of Carpentaria, and from Admiral Fitzroy relative to the employment of the camel in such explorations, the chairman congratulated the society upon the fact, that, although the discussion had departed from the question of Leichhardt, it had elicited observations of great interest from those well acquainted with the country. With regard to North Australia, he entirely concurred with Sir Charles Nicholson and Captain Drury on the necessity of establishing a settlement on some spot in that locality—a point that he had ceaselessly advocated, and considered that, since the French had taken possession of some of the islands adjacent, it became an absolute necessity for Great Britain to have a station for the protection of its commerce. The meeting then adjourned to the 13th of December.

FINE ARTS.

On Colour and on the Necessity for a General Diffusion of Taste among all Classes. By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. (Murray.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE essay on Taste which occupies the second and larger part of this volume is in no sense a dissertation on Taste, or on the Beautiful and the Sublime, after the old English fashion of Payne Knight, Price, or Burke; nor after that more subtle one of Hume, and Stewart, and Alison, and the Scotch metaphysicians generally; nor, what might perhaps have been rather expected, after the deeper and hazier system of Schelling and the German writers on aesthetics. On the contrary, Sir Gardner Wilkinson quietly ignores all metaphysical theories. If he have any fellow-feeling with the philosophers it is with Schiller, when he wishes that the notion, and even the word Beauty, could

Ruskin, and Lord Lindsay, on that gentle exemplar of the "Early Christian Artist;" and various papers, more or less connected with the technics of Art, as well as the usual diversity of Art news, criticism, &c.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The only incident of the week has been the production of an English version of Signor Verdi's *Traviata*. This glad event came off on Monday night, the occasion being Mr. Harrison's benefit. The remarkable feature in the performance, all the rest being mediocre, was Miss Louisa Pyne's execution of the music of *Leonora*, which surpassed expectation. Madame Bosio herself could not have sung the *cavatina* ("Tacea la notte") and its lively *cabaletta* with greater brilliancy or more exquisite finish: and what surprised even Miss Louisa Pyne's most enthusiastic admirers was the dramatic feeling by which her impersonation was everywhere distinguished. Her success was as triumphant as befitted her rare merits.

The warning we considered it our duty to offer this highly accomplished artist is proved to have been not unreasonably. One of Miss Louisa Pyne's very delicate organisation cannot sing, night after night, in such arduous parts as the Queens of Castille and Portugal with impunity. The day of reckoning must come sooner or later—as was shown on Tuesday, when Miss Rebecca Isaacs, in consequence of the fair manageress being indisposed, was compelled to undertake the principal character in the *Bohemian Girl*.

The other parts in the *Traviata* were thus distributed:—*Mauricio*, Mr. Harrison, *Azucena*, Miss Susan Pyne, *Count Luna*, Mr. F. Glover, *Ferrando*, Mr. T. G. Patey, and *Inez*, Miss Marian Prescott. If Mr. F. Glover would exert himself less strenuously, if he would be less eager, he would be more acceptable. He sang "Il balen del suo sorriso" very well; but all that followed was "sound and fury signifying nothing." *Azucena* demands an actress and singer of very different calibre from Miss Susan Pyne. Mr. Harrison was energetic in *Mauricio*, and Mr. Patey respectable in *Ferrando*. The orchestra was capital throughout. Encores were awarded to Miss Louisa Pyne in the quick movement of the *aria d'interada*, to Mr. Glover in "Il balen," and to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison in the duet, accompanied by the "Miserere" in the prison scene. The "principals" were loudly recalled at the end of the opera, and the *entrepreneurs de succès* threw bouquets enough to raise a smile of pity (if not contempt) from those who are initiated in the secret of such demonstrations.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Buckstone has returned from a tour in the provinces, to become once more the leading personage in his own theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, the guests to whom he had ceded the place of honour, having transferred their attractions to another scene—Dublin, we believe. As yet the change has not brought with it any particular novelty. The "good old comedy" of the *Rivals* has stood at the head of the bills since the commencement of the week, without a feature in its cast worth recording save the assumption of *Bob Acres* by Mr. Buckstone, than whom there of course is not a more competent and amusing representative of the faint-hearted squire on the stage; yet stay—on reflection we think it decidedly worth recording, that *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* was played by Mr. Braid. The comedy is followed by a *divertissement* foolishly entitled *The Influence of Grace*, in which the fascinating Perea Nena, in a number of *pas* of dazzling brilliancy and thoroughly Spanish vivacity, takes the audience by storm with the abundance of her animal vigour and the never-failing variety of coquettish expression which she throws into the movement of every limb—the language of every feature. The dresses, all of Iberian cut, slightly idealised for ballet purposes, are fresh, bright, and effective, and the dances and groups do great credit to the taste and invention of the ballet-master.

A farce entitled *Whitebait at Greenwich* succeeds, and introduces a newly-engaged member of Mr. Buckstone's very miscellaneous company—the same being no less a personage than the famous Sir William Don, Bart. Although for some time past this gentleman has been regularly enrolled in the profession of the stage, his pretensions to notice are still no higher than those of a phenomenon—a *lusus naturæ*, and it may be added *et fortuæ*. To his towering stature and barren title must his attraction, if he prove capable of exerting any, be laid in account—for his proficiency as an actor does not hitherto exceed strenuous amateurship.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Thursday a new drama in two acts, under the title of *The Porter's Knot*, was produced at this house. It afforded Mr. Robson a field for the development of his genius for mingled serious and comic effects, and was perfectly successful.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society began its thirteenth season on Monday evening in the Hanover Square Rooms, with a concert, to which the brilliant performances on the pianoforte of Mdlle. "Angelina" gave a special lustre, but which in other respects was much what we have been accustomed to for years past. The members of the orchestra attempted one of the B flat symphonies of Haydn, the overtures to *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn) and *Le Lac des Fées* (Auber), besides accompanying Mdlle. Angelina in Professor Bennett's well-known *Caprice* (in E major), and Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley in some vocal pieces. The performances of the amateur musicians were marked by their ordinary defects, which neither time nor Mr. Henry Leslie seems at all likely to eradicate. The professors now included in the ranks are too few in number to counteract the false intonation and want of precision of their more polished and highly-bred companions. One would imagine that it was almost as easy to play the fiddle as to excel at cricket; but our gentlemen-fiddlers seem to be as dull of apprehension as our gentleman-cricketers are showy and expeditious. If the fiddlers could only stop in tune as readily as the cricketers stop in time, we might look forward some fine day to a musical match of "gentlemen against players;" but as matters stand the "players" have it all their own way.

Nevertheless the execution of Professor Bennett's beautiful and difficult *Caprice*, by Mdlle. Angelina, would have more than atoned for worse performances of symphony and overtures. It was graceful, intellectual in a poetical, and admirable in a mechanical sense, from first to last. The composer himself (not very easy to please) would have been both satisfied and charmed. In the second part Mdlle. Angelina introduced two pieces, for piano *solus*, of her own composition. The first, entitled *Lament*, is a melodious and plaintive movement in G minor, with episodes in the major; the second, a *pastoral* (in A flat), is an inspiration remarkable alike for genial simplicity and captivating freshness. The knowledge and experience, as well as the sentiment, of a true musician are evident in both. How they were played it is scarcely necessary to add; seeing that one who can perform the most trying music of the great composers so finely is not likely to fall short in that which proceeds from her own heart and brain. Mdlle. Angelina should both compose (we ought, perhaps, to say, publish) more, and play oftener. The vocal music was good of its kind, although Miss Kemble (who sang a ballad from one of Mr. Benedict's operas) did not exhibit either the increased confidence or the artistic improvement we should gladly recognise; while Mr. Santley gave a somewhat tame reading of "Deh vieni alla finestra," hardly redeemed by the anti-Mozartean transposition of the final cadence an octave higher. Mr. Henry Leslie, who conducted, was warmly received.

What is the precise signification of the Amateur Musical Society—what is supposed to be its ultimate aim—and why it should monopolise our

best London music-room so many evenings in the year, to the inconvenience of professional societies and legitimate concert-givers, we are unable to guess. This might be explained in a future prospectus.

M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS.—The "Mendelssohn nights" having been given, the turn of the great Beethoven came next; and on Monday and Wednesday we had selections from his works. The first performance was extremely well attended, but the second brought the vastest audience of the season. On the first occasion, Miss Poole introduced *Marcellina's* song from *Fidelio*, while the pianist was M. Silas, who shines more as a composer than a player, and whose performance of the sonata dedicated to Kreutzer was scarcely up to the mark, considering that his companion was M. Wieniawski on the violin. At the second concert there was no vocalist, while on the piano M. Silas was replaced by Miss Arabella Goddard—a change of which amateurs of the instrument were not very likely to complain. In other respects the two programmes were identical.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This great society commenced the winter season inauspiciously with (the choral parts excepted) a somewhat mediocre performance of Haydn's *Creation*. Mr. Sims Reeves was ill, and his place as tenor very inadequately filled by Mr. George Perren. Madame Rudersdorff gave "With verdure clad" very well, but was painfully elaborate in "On mighty wings," alternately screaming and pumping out the rest of the *soprano* music in the first two parts. Mr. Weiss was excellent in the bass airs and recitatives, and in the third part was joined by his *cara sposa*, who sang the music of Eve effectively enough, wherever there were no florid passages—fluent vocalisation being not one of Madame Weiss's peculiarities. Mr. Costa conducted. The hall was full, if not crowded to inconvenience; and there was a great deal of applause, "maugre the Puritans."

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—Letters from Wiesbaden inform us of the arrival of Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, the composer, who was detained by a long illness at Stuttgart, but is now quite recovered. Mr. Wallace will return to England in January.

Miss Louisa Pyne, our musical readers will be glad to learn, having recovered from the indisposition we have accounted for, has resumed her duties at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, which has gained considerable repute since its institution in 1855, commenced a fourth season on Thursday night in St. Martin's Hall. The execution of various madrigals and part-songs, ancient and modern, showed that the singers had at least made no advance since we last heard them. There were, nevertheless, several *encores*; and, as is too frequently the case, these were accorded to the weakest things in the programme—instance, a trumpety part-song, entitled "The Dawn of Day" (S. Reay), quite unfit to keep company with such masterpieces as the madrigals of Luca Marenzio, Byrde, and Morley, the part-songs of Mendelssohn, Macfarren, and Henry Smart, which were placed before and after it. The grand feature of the concert, however, was the motet of John Sebastian Bach, for double choir (No. 6, in B flat), "The Spirit also helpeth us"—for the most part well, if not perfectly rendered.

Last night the first meeting of the metropolitan contingent of the Great Handel Centenary Commemoration chorus was to take place in Exeter Hall, when the choruses of Handel's *Belshazzar* were to be tried. This afternoon in the Crystal Palace the concert will be devoted entirely to music by Mozart, in commemoration of the death of the illustrious musician, which took place on December 5. We do not exactly appreciate this habit of commemorating deaths by festivities; but both on the subject of the Crystal Palace music and the Handel Festival rehearsals we shall have something to say next week.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Hymns and Hymn-Books—with a few words on Anthems." A Letter to the Rev. William Upton Richards, M.A., from William John Blew. (Rivingtons.)

This is a lengthy and elaborate essay to show, among other things, that, notwithstanding the countless multitude of hymn-books extant, a model hymn-book is still wanting to the Church. Such may possibly be the case, but it is to be feared that Mr. Blew will look in vain for the precise realisation of his own ideas as to what should constitute the model hymn-book in request. The erudition he has brought to bear upon the subject is remarkable; in one respect his letter may be accepted as a *catalogue raisonné* (and *saisonné*) of all the hymn and anthem books, of all the hymn and anthem literature, from Saints Hilary, Ambrose, and Gregory, to Mr. Newman—from Sternhold and Hopkins to Keble, Cleveland, and Bowring. But when—his attention invited to the *Elucidatorium* of Clichtonens, and so on (with the omission of nothing between) to Mr. Neale's contributions to the *Ecclesiologist* of our own day—the compiler proceeds to select materials for the hymn-book, after Mr. Blew's own heart, he will possibly find his task rather difficult, and sooner or later, lost in the ocean of comment and of criticism, abandon it in despair. The authorities cited by Mr. Blew are so numerous, and from sources so various, that if he has really examined them all himself (and if not, he ought at least to have mercy on the poor compiler) it must have cost years of unremitting application, which we cannot but think might have been devoted to something more likely to benefit the present generation and generations to come. The wisdom of reviving all this defunct hymnology, and hymnological literature, is by no means apparent; and it may be fairly urged that an attempt to construct a perfect hymn-book out of a heterogeneous mass of materials, without end, and without practicable classification, would be a piece of Quixotism worthy comparison with any of the imaginary achievements of the knight of La Mancha. Of the excellence of Mr. Blew's intentions we do not need to be reminded. He believes the hymn-book of hymn-books to be yet un concocted; and as aid to any one sufficiently orthodox and sufficiently zealous to undertake it, he proposes to examine and collate the contributions of three centuries and upwards. On such conditions, we make bold to say, the much-desired object will never be attained.

In other respects, the "Letter on Hymns and Hymn-books" contains much that is both interesting and edifying. The writer is somewhat testy with organists ("non-cooperative, supercilious organists and organ-blowers"), and somewhat severe upon "Cathedral men," who think (and with reason) that there are hymn-books enough; but, apart from these slight peccadilloes, his advocacy of a popular musical service, in which the whole congregation would feel impelled to take part, is marked by as large an amount of candour and good sense as of earnest and well-directed zeal. That Mr. Blew will find many readers we have little doubt. Even those who look upon him with some degree of suspicion when he invites attention to the abstract musical question, will hardly dispute the soundness of his doctrine or doubt the purity of his motives. Mr. Blew is an enthusiast in a good cause; and such men as he, however in certain points they may appear crotchety, or even occasionally illogical, are in the long run sure to do the Church some service.

"Le Brigand"—*Morceau de genre*. Par FRANCESCO BERGER. (Boosey & Sons.) This piece (for pianoforte *solus*) is not without merit; but we might question it as the late Mr. Liston used to question the ghost of King Arthur (in

Fielding's *Tom Thumb*)—"If no more, why so much?" The opening is bold and marked enough to bear a longer development; but that not being found, disappointment is the consequence. On the whole, too, Mr. Berger has produced better things.

"I saw her in the Violet time." Ballad, by R. STOREY. Set to music by EDWIN H. PROUT. (Boosey & Sons.) A graceful and neatly-written song, which, while it can offend none, is calculated to please many.

"The Minstrel." Romance. Written by GEORGE SOANE, A.B. Composed by JOHN THOMAS. (Boosey & Sons.) The dedication to a countess (the Countess Inghirami), and the adaptability of the accompaniment either to harp or piano, are the noticeable peculiarities of this drawing-room ballad, the music of which, although Mr. Soane's verses are by no means sentimental, is in the sentimental style.

"Papageno Polka"—für das Pianoforte. Von LUDWIG STARNY. (Boosey & Sons.) The composer would have done more wisely had he joined to the burden and instrumental accompaniment of Papageno's charming little song another tune from the same opera (*Die Zauberflöte*)—"O dolce concerto," for example. His own trio sounds a little flat after the sparkling themes of Mozart—distorted and tormented as they are, in order to render them worthy assimilation with the polka measure, as regarded from the ideal standard of Herr von Stasny.

"Les Bijoux Perdus." Quadrille, by CHARLES LYON. (Boosey & Sons.) Mr. Lyon would have displayed better taste had he made it known on the title-page that the tunes upon which his quadrille is founded are the property, not of Mr. Lyon himself, but of the late M. Adolphe Adam, from whose opera, *Le Bijou Perdu*, they are taken bodily.

"The Indian Dalk." Galop, for the pianoforte, with cornet ad libitum, composed by J. SMYTH, Band-master, Royal Artillery. (Boosey & Sons.) A galop that is not in some degree entraining cannot be complimented as a good galop; and as "The Indian Dalk" is a galop of the very mildest possible quality, we are unable to congratulate Mr. Smyth in this instance on having achieved a "hit."

NEW NOVEL.

The School for Fathers, An Old English Story. By Talbot Gwynne. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

It is scarcely necessary to bestow any lengthy critical notice upon a reprint, which bears its own "blushing honours" so profusely upon cover and fly-leaf in "Opinions of the Press." When we have laid before our eyes the enthusiastic eulogiums of so many leading newspapers and reviews, we must pause before we venture into controversy, although, except in the way of contradiction, little is left to be written. We are happy to say, however, that our task is entirely reduced to the duty of singing in chorus. If in this part-singing we are unable to avoid singing the same notes that others have sung before us, it is simply because any fresh variations of the same tune have become impossible.

We have read the tale with a freshness of interest unusual to practised novel-readers, and we have been charmed with it. It is "a hale, hearty, unaffected, honest, downright English tale;" it is full of "vigorous painting;" it is "at once highly amusing and deeply interesting;" it is replete with "genuine humour" and "natural pathos;" it does carry the reader back with a "delicious freshness" "to the days of fox-hunting and country squire life, and the quaintly caricatured follies of the town;" it is "different from the generality of novels, in taste, in structure, in its unpresumptuousness and unaffectedness;" it is a book "to draw tears alike by its highly comic effects and its deeply tragic touches;" it does demand the highest praise for the author "for the dramatic consistency with which he preserves the integrity of his characters;" and it does contain descriptions of English country "as fresh as a landscape by

Constable." In short, it is (as we are most happy to admit) all that others have said before us.

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SHORT NOTICES.

The Pathology and Treatment of Urethral Stricture. By John Harrison, F.R.C.S. (Churchill.) The profession have already decided upon the value of this work, and a new edition is before us, in which the author, without departing from his original propositions or directions for practice (in regard to which he states that experience has confirmed his views), has in some degree modified and improved the arrangement of his treatise. In a non-medical journal we are of course precluded from entering into any examination of the subject of the work, but may mention that Mr. Harrison is an old pupil of the celebrated Robert Keate; and that, at the feet of that Gamaliel in the noblest of secular science, Mr. Harrison is held to have sat with great advantage to himself and to his patients. The best thing that we can wish a mortal is, that he may never comprehend what any affliction of the kind to which the book is devoted, means; and the next best is, that should he possess that unfortunate knowledge, he may have the consolation of also knowing that his surgical guide has studied Mr. Harrison's book.

The Statute Book for England. Collections of Public Statutes relating to the General Law of England, 21 & 22 Vict., 1858. Edited by James Bigg. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) One of the objects of this commendous work is to test the practicability of an edition of the existing statutes, not only perfect at the time of publication, but capable of being so continued from session to session. The plan by which this desirable end is accomplished is simple and efficacious. The work is stereotyped. The pages in which amendments have to be made are recomposed with the amendments in *italic* type, and being re-cast, are inserted in the volume in the place of the cancelled leaves. In the case of the volume preceding the one before us, namely, that for 1857, this end was attained by the re-composition of nine pages only, and the re-working of nineteen additional pages. This was all that was required to perfect the volume for 1857, as amended in 1858. The public and professional utility of the plan is therefore obvious, and we have no hesitation in giving it our cordial approval. With regard to the statute-book of 1857, the acuteness of Mr. Bigg enabled him to point out a number of errors in the official edition; and he has shown a still greater number in the official edition for 1858. Were it not that they are specifically described we should have been inclined to doubt the possibility of some of the mistakes. Here is one affecting the interests of some of our Cambridge friends:

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